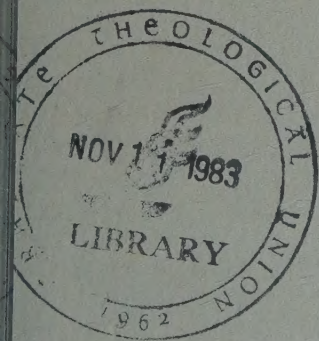


Patterns of Socialism

The Franciscan



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NUMBER 3**

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SEPTEMBER, 1983

The Society of Saint Francis

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Pax et bonum.

THE FRANCISCAN

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IMPORTANT NOTICE TO ALL READERS

As reported in the diary from Hilfield, Brother Patrick suffered a heart attack in May—from which he is making a good recovery. So that the recovery may be sustained, it is necessary to reduce his work. Many readers know that he has laboured faithfully in the office at Hilfield, and before that in the tailor's shop, in spite of a 'thorn in the flesh' which (if he hadn't been Patrick) would have brought about the end of his active contribution to our life many years ago. I am *very* happy to tell you that he will continue to be our Bursar at Hilfield—the brother who keeps the Friary accounts and receives donations; but the management of THE FRANCISCAN is to pass to Brother Christopher at Plaistow, to whom subscriptions and correspondence should be addressed in envelopes marked FRANCISCAN. Attention to that latter detail will help him to maintain present standards of efficiency. Inevitably, at first, many readers will miss the benefit of Patrick's knowledge of them individually, with which is linked a ministry of prayer. The prayers will continue—some will be that we all may have patience while the transition takes place!

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Patterns of Socialism



EVEN when all its failings are taken into account, socialism has served the world well. In oppressive times it has given men and women the courage to challenge dehumanising conditions. More than this, it has given a vision of what might be: of a society structured to allow everyone to achieve their full potential, and in which the vulnerable and the suffering would be nourished and well cared for.

Today socialism has a decidedly jaded air about it. In some countries it has been the victim of its own success: when the most debilitating social conditions have been rectified the movement has run out of steam. In other places the corruptibility of self-styled socialists has discredited it. Yet socialism continues to appeal to many, not least to some Christians seeking to fuse faith and social concern in an attempt to realize some of Jesus' teaching about the kingdom.

It might be appropriate to recall two particular sources of suffering in our world today. The first is the division of the world into two rival power systems and the dangerous squandering of resources on arms. The second is the way some countries go for one of two extremes, either exalting the state at the expense of the individual or allowing unbridled enrichment by some individuals at the expense of the good of the rest of the community.

At its best democratic socialism has sought to provide an answer to these sources of suffering. It has patiently striven to indicate a middle way between the posturings of East and West. It has also sought to keep in creative tension the good of individuals and communities. Now, notwithstanding all this, it may be that socialism has outlived its usefulness and will wither away. However, if this is so, it is difficult to see what will take its place. The demise of socialism would seem to leave the way open to bitter super-power rivalry and ruthless individualism or corporatism. If socialism has any power left to inspire, it had better start doing so quickly.

A final thought: we in the capitalist world find it easier to be objective about democratic socialism than about its relative in the socialist family, Marxism. But as one writer in this issue shows, our understanding of Marxism can easily fall into stereotypes and fail to appreciate the reality. And dare we deny that capitalism, like Marxism, has sometimes shown itself red in tooth and claw?

The Minister General's Letter

My dear friends,

Many Christians see it as part of their witness as followers of Christ to campaign against nuclear arms. Military bases are picketed and much heat is engendered in the cause of preventing a nuclear holocaust which so far has not happened, in spite of the fact that many countries have had nuclear weapons for a long time, and, pray God, it will never happen. But certainly it is right that we should do everything in our power to turn back the drift to nuclear war.

Very mixed feelings have been engendered by the Falklands campaign varying according to the political persuasions of the people concerned. The Prime Minister has been seen by some as a Joan of Arc and by others as a vampire feeding on the blood of the victims, while the Church has conducted a service of penitence for the war and the bloodshed that took place. We do right to be saddened and to protest that it cost many young lives.

All this is very laudable. But within the United Kingdom itself, on the doorstep as it were, we seem to ignore completely a war that has dragged on for at least fifteen years, rather than a month or two. In lives it has cost many times more than those lost in the Falklands. The financial cost to the country over these years is staggering. Yet no one rises in righteous indignation against this war in Northern Ireland which we allow to continue year after year and which is more vicious than anything that has happened in the Falklands. Nobody raises a cry of anger about the young men who almost daily meet death in this war except the bereaved whose cry is not heard. The mood of Britain is to ignore it and pretend it is not there. In fact a cloud of pretence and make-believe hangs over the whole issue, and is the main reason why there can be no solution. The first pretence is that it is just a group of terrorists who are causing all the trouble and all we need is a police operation to protect the population. The second pretence is that if we hang on long enough it will go away. Experience shows that the Irish problem has been with us for centuries and does not go away.

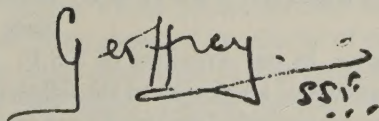
Solutions are found when all sides begin to face the truth. This is difficult as there is a prevailing bigotry and fear which keeps the truth well concealed. There is nothing more demonic and vicious than bigotry and especially when it is religious bigotry. The first move

towards the truth is to acknowledge the bigotry for what it is. Then we shall see the situation more clearly as a war and not a police operation against a bunch of terrorists. Secondly we shall realize it is at heart a war of liberation such as went on in Vietnam and Zimbabwe, and which is at present going on in El Salvador and several Central American countries.

It is the saddest possible thing and the greatest scandal that this vicious war is being waged by self-styled Christians in one of the most Christian countries in the world which has produced down the ages more saints than most, both Catholic and Protestant. These are deeply painful facts but only as we all face them fully will we find a way to a solution and healing, rather than continue in the way of self-deception.

In the midst of all the fear and hatred of evil men and women who wish to perpetuate the conflict we know that wonderful things are happening too. People are reaching across the barriers of arms to embrace each other. Groups of Christians of all denominations are praying together. People who have been bereaved are not allowing bitterness and revenge to destroy them but are working for reconciliation. This is the truth upon which a future of peace and justice can be built in this most Christian land. What is needed is the resolution with which Britain faced the Falkland crisis and also the Zimbabwe situation which had also gone on many years. Let us banish the feeling of hopeless impotence and replace it with generosity and a spirit of truth. Too long have the people been terrorized by blinkered bigots. Far be it from me to be so foolish as to offer a solution at this stage, but I believe with all my heart that there is a solution, and that we must reach out into the new to find it. In fact, I would go further and say that deep down in our hearts we know what the solution is. What we need is the courage to admit this truth that we know and the resolution to act upon it.

May truth and love prevail,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read 'Geoffrey', followed by a stylized flourish and the initials 'SSF'.

Minister General.

Brother Randall

Born: 9 November, 1915

Professed: 31 May, 1962

Died: 19 April, 1983

On 17 September, 1953, Brother Douglas (then Warden of the Home of S. Francis, Goodworth Clatford, Andover) travelled to the Friary at Hilfield in order to speak at the Stigmata festival. He did so as a pillion passenger on Randall Dale's motor bicycle. They were both men of courage.

Not long after Brother Douglas' death in 1957, Randall joined the First Order. Little is known to his brothers about his early life or his family—he came to us as the natural sequel to his work for Brother Douglas and lived successively at Hilfield, Cambridge, Glasshampton, Alnmouth, Fiwila (Zambia), and for the last sixteen years at S. Francis School, Hooke. Wherever he went, he cooked—and, as anyone nourished by the results will testify, his meals were always ready well in advance.

At the school, he is a legend. He was called (mostly) Bubble. Who collected and burnt the rubbish? Who drove the domestic staff to and from their homes? Who was ready for emergency trips to hospital with casualties of life? Who fed the animals in the holidays? Who was always ready with a comic diversion when trouble threatened? Who drove too fast, yet never crashed? Who, in the days of heavy churns, got the milk? Who was always there for offices? Who, maddeningly, got things wrong if they weren't what he was used to? Now that he is no longer there, we're finding out.

Randall gave himself unstintingly to the boys, to the staff, to his brothers. There was no end to his kindness, to his simplicity, to his resourcefulness and powers of improvisation. He was always punctual—and so, when the call came on the morning of 19 April, he was ready. He was found with his watch in his hand.

Brother Nicholas died peacefully in his sleep on the morning of Sunday, 31 July in Tewkesbury Hospital. He was on holiday with Tertiaries in Gloucestershire when taken ill and admitted to hospital. He was aged seventy-six and in the forty-sixth year of his profession. There will be a memorial service at Plaistow on 18 September. An obituary will appear in our next number.

Chronicle

Brother Anselm writes:

EUROPEAN PROVINCE Between Easter and Pentecost there took place six celebrations of life profession in vows, in our Province of S.S.F. For five men and one woman the process of admission to the fellowship was complete—and at this point we are reminded that we do not exist just for ourselves, because although these men and this woman have pledged themselves by a vow to serve

God in our communities, their offering was received not by the community but by the church. Just as the church has authority to receive such vows, so it is within the competence of the church to grant release from them.

To some, this seems to deny the lifelong nature of the contract and thus the sacredness of the vow. Others take it as a reminder that we are after all people, who (after having taken every possible precaution) can make mistakes; it should keep us humble. And this, as well as other aspects of the vows and their expression, is the subject among us of discussion and debate. There is a revision (yes!) going on of the Admission Services, and it is probable that the next life profession will be celebrated in a manner which will make it more the climax of the series than under present arrangements it seems to be. It is proposed that novices shall be admitted in a rather subdued manner during the office, that first vows shall be made during the eucharist in a community chapel—but that the final solemnity and emphasis shall wait till the moment of life profession before the bishop.

This is not to say that the recent celebrations were not in every way joyful and splendid events, worthy of what they stood for. Splendid, joyful—that they have been, no doubt, from the first profession day in S.S.F. in 1931; but, whereas at one time vows were always made at Hilfield, and the bishop would have made just one trip for six people, now it is usual for the service to be held in the place where the person lives—a fact which has added an Anglican diversity to the profession experience! We have had a profession in clouds of incense with eight concelebrants and hymns to Mary, another without benefit of candles or vestments and with evangelical choruses, a third shorn of any feeling that it was a big public occasion in a small house chapel with a few friends. Others, still, are very much as such things were before we spread our wings.

Without the church, we are nothing. Francis himself turned to the church for recognition and for the authorisation of the rule of the lesser brothers. He wept for the church, he denounced its corruption, he resisted any mitigation of gospel poverty even when pressure for this came from ecclesiastics, he saw a church whose preoccupations and priorities were (to him) far removed from those of the Christ of the gospels. And yet—the gospel itself could only come to him from the lips of priests, the sacraments from their hands; and so, for him, they represented the Lord.

Nearly eight centuries have passed since then, and perspectives have been altered by movement and counter-movement in the church's life. We cannot pretend to be 13th century Roman Catholics. Yet, the dilemma of Francis persists. The ideal and the reality of the church are still with us, to evoke our love and loyalty, our criticism and despair. Why, oh why, the constant absorption in things domestic, material and often just petty, when there is God's kingdom to proclaim and embody—when, instead of the fussing over many things, there is just one thing needful?

Francis, like Jesus, was occupied constantly and consistently with God. Unlike Jesus, he was a penitent—that was a necessary constituent of his love as it must be of ours—but still, he was a man aflame, a man whose deeds sprang straight from his obsession. Action depended on this attitude, not on reason, which was sometimes in short supply. In fact, from a rational standpoint his life was a complete failure (again, like that of our Lord). Yet, the church could recognise him as a sign for the gospel, a statement of its own ideal. 'What, in flesh and blood terms, is this all about?' asks the enquirer (perhaps not in as many words)—and the church's answer is to point to the saints, Francis among them.

Now, the terrifying thing is that the church can do that not just to Francis, but (in their degree) to Franciscans too. We all know the kind of thing which the vicar says when introducing the visiting friar—and he's entirely within his rights to say them. Without the church we are nothing, we have no identity. The church gives us being, and in exchange has very high expectations of us. As things work out, some of the expectations are way off beam, but when they have to do with our authenticity, with the reality of our life matching what we profess by vow—then they must be heeded. We should not respond by making feverish efforts to over-achieve in some way—we think again of Jesus.

He gave his Father God unconditional love and trust in self-forgetful intimacy—and demanded of his hearers that they should do the same. The kingdom comes as hearts change, in the Holy Spirit. All else is secondary, and change of heart comes about as we grow in prayer. One of the six professions was at Freeland, a dedication quite specifically to a life of prayer in enclosure. To some this is an offence. Let it be to all of us who follow Francis in the Christian way a witness to the first things of the gospel, a sign within the sign.

Intercession Paper. The leaflet enclosed each time with **THE FRANCISCAN** has been adapted so that Provinces and Houses are in alphabetical order and a number has been inserted in the margin so that it might be more easily used for intercession on a daily basis. This is an experiment, and anyone who would like to comment on the new layout should contact the Provincial Secretary.

Brother Patrick gave us all a shock—and himself too—when in May **HILFIELD** he had a heart attack. His remarkable faith and patience and the excellent care of the hospital, friends and family see him nearly back to full strength. The Minister has made radical decisions about his work load. The attention to detail together with his pastoral ministry through letters and intercession have made Patrick's work deeply valued by many. If Christopher now takes on the business side of **THE FRANCISCAN**—*including the receiving of subscriptions*—at the Plaistow house, Patrick should be able to continue his work of receiving donations here and keeping his friendly and caring links. He will be here at the Stigmata Festival on Saturday, 17 September and will be glad to see his friends.

Bishop Bill Lash we expect to touch down on 23 August after his distant travels and will celebrate at noon on 17 September and speak in the afternoon. The other speaker is The Revd. Bob Nind of S. Matthew's, Brixton, and now of 'Church Concern for the Unemployed'. Bernard will be the preacher.

We welcome Vincent and Paschal to be here with us and Raphael, during part of the Lampeter vacations. Their coming will help us get over the departure of Christopher. Novices will be departing to Glasshampton again soon; we look forward to welcoming four postulants in September. Jonathan Cooper was clothed on 19 August.

The Families' Camp was a conspicuous success and the Youth Camp seems to be the same—both greatly helped by the sun. Our tertiary Canon Norman Hill (who with Pam and Brother Michael founded the Families' Camp) was not with us this year. Yet he was. His death in May, after a magnificent Christian witness to God's grace in prolonged illness and suffering, has been deeply felt by his friends. Michael preached at his funeral in Crowhurst and Bernard at the Memorial service in Southwark. It was lovely that Pam and the family were at camp; they are assured of many prayers and good wishes.

On Sunday, 4 December at 9.30, the Friary Eucharist (with Bernard preaching) will be broadcast on Radio 4.

As is common to all life here Saint David's has its ups and downs. Among **PILTON** the high spots which have occurred since we last wrote was the profession of Brother Peter Douglas who made his vows before the Primus of the Scottish Episcopal Church in Saint David's, packed to capacity (and a bit more). The whole service was a truly joyous one, and the singing by the choir of Old Saint Paul's was a worthy song of praise.

We have enjoyed a number of excellent social events in our church hall, including a Pet Show. Although six ladybirds in a matchbox were exhibited, there were thankfully no elephants! These events as well as being great fun are also ways of meeting those who do not normally attend church, and hopefully such events will continue.

However it is by no means our only (nor main) method of contact. Brother Robert, who sadly left the house on 3 July, made many contacts and friendships among all sorts and conditions in the area. He will be much missed and we are grateful for all he has given us.

The Friary continues to be used by all sorts of groups and individuals, and Brother Ian is kept busy supplying endless cups of tea and consolation.

Brother Simeon continues his ever increasing ministry and is kept out of mischief as priest of S. David's, Guardian, and Chaplain at S. Columba's Hospice.

One could go on detailing events and visits made by a large variety of friends (and also those not so friendly), but then, that's life. Sufficient to say, should you come to 'auld Reekie', do come and see us, but give a ring first to make sure someone is in.

Tired but happy, we continue our community life. We have recently decided to make sure Sunday evenings are community evenings. A night to relax as a family, and doing things which are more enjoyable done as a group than as a solitary person, i.e. cutting and raking the vast expanse of grass!

Next month, the parish go to Holy Island and Bamburgh for an outing and the following day Brother Dominic Christopher comes to us after his period at Glasshampton, to be initiated into the life of Pilton.

S. David's Church Hall roof is in a very poor state and we need a lot of money in order to renovate it. Peter Douglas is in the process of recording a cassette of songs, which we hope will be available soon: more details will be in the next FRANCISCAN.

We are celebrating the feast of the Stigmata on 17 September at noon and all friends, Tertiaries and Companions are welcome to share with us on that day.

Brother Roger Damian writes:

BELFAST 'Pray for Northern Ireland': and yes, so many people, so many parish congregations do, regularly, tirelessly, hoping against hope that their prayer is heard. From the visits the brothers make to the rest of the United Kingdom we are assured of the continuing concern and commitment of Christians in Britain and that is a huge volume of prayer that is offered for peace in Northern Ireland. And I am sure that extends right across the world.

It was mentioned in the last *Chronicle* that the Belfast brothers were at an early stage of experimenting with a leaflet outlining a basis of prayer for 'the healing of our nation'. We are partners in this experiment with the two Roman Catholic Franciscan convents in Belfast and we are both now using the leaflet regularly each Friday sometimes together, sometimes on our own. The specific headings with specified biddings and intercessions are shown on the leaflet directing our prayers with concentrated and direct petitions to God to move the hearts of those who seem to be blocking the progress of forgiveness and healing, or for those who are the hurt victims of the violence over fourteen long years. Such a concentrated and concerted wave of regular prayer, together, Friday after Friday, from committed believers in Christ's power to change people's hearts and heal people's lives is something both our Roman Catholic sisters and ourselves want to encourage and promote.

Originally this call to prayer was the vision of one brother, David Jardine. Over the past year he has been encouraged to develop this simple leaflet by the sisters and the other S.S.F. brothers in Belfast. We now feel ready to ask more widely, is this something you too feel you could commit yourself to on a regular basis? We'd be glad to share the broad structure with groups or individuals that feel able to give time to this; you have only to ask for a sample copy.

Peter Timothy's tireless work in the Shankill area, particularly in the Parish of the Holy Redeemer where he is the Minister, has a distinctly Protestant flavour to it. So has David Jardine's work within Crumlin Road Prison. William Henry's identity up in the Glencairn Estate maybe somewhat camouflaged by his jeans and sweater but it is accepted by all who live on the Estate that he is either Church of Ireland or Methodist for there is not a lot of choice in that area of North Belfast. It's got to be Protestant anyway!

It is one of the big problems that we live with, for the Northern Ireland situation tends to force each member of its population to *identify*. Not to do so is to draw attention to yourself and even look suspicious. Obviously that is not very satisfactory for Franciscans who ought to be challenging such sectarianism. And this is our dilemma and that of so many small groups who stand for a reconciled community and who are working for the healing of the nation. Although the word ecumenical is something of a suspect label in Ulster, those who are working in Christian partnership tend to be doing so in discreet ways, by quietly gaining confidences, by slowly breaking down bigotted attitudes, by gently making a contest for renewal and resurrection within the Province. To shout too loud is to make yourself a target to be torn down. To witness indiscriminately and without discernment is to provoke without purpose.

The healing of the nation is taking place. And thank God. It will never be the subject for major news because the process is long and arduous and personal. But what is rigid, the Holy Spirit can gently bend. What is frozen, he can warmly tend. So we believe—and so we should be praying, not only on Fridays, not only in our Sunday services, but through our being a community here in Ulster. We thank you for your abiding support and we thank God for the privilege of serving here.

Sister Veronica writes:

Count your blessings

NEWCASTLE-UNDER-LYME Name them more and more
 And it will surprise you
 What He has in store.

He certainly had a lot of rain in store but it is interesting to note that no matter what the weather, the real essentials to bodily sustenance and maintenance are there, so let us praise and give thanks.

Eileen Mary returned from her visit to the Holy Land full of joy and enthusiasm and gratitude that this visit was made possible. I also think it left her with mixed feelings, some very sad ones, when one stops to think of the traumas in and around the city of God. 'Pray that Jerusalem may have—Peace and Felicity'.

Hilary has been away on holiday and didn't we miss her! She is a splendid shopper, something that she enjoys very much. She loves hunting and rumaging around.

Pat is excellent at manipulating the paint brush. We shall have to look out for a part-time job for her, 'Painting and decorating—Lady specializes'.

Miss Heath celebrated her ninetieth birthday in June. I have never seen so many flowers; and there were lots of cards and two birthday cakes. She is a remarkable lady, very much 'with it' and still potters round her garden.

Mum and Dad Samuels keep remarkably well. I find it quite nice to be free to pop down and have a chat with them; adds to the homeliness, and their boiler-room is a very important place to get the washing aired.

It was nice having Brother Geoffrey with us for our Franciscan Festival. He celebrated Mass, helped by our Tertiaries. He also spoke about his work in the world wide Franciscan Society. Later in the day he had a get together with the local Tertiaries. It was good that Bishop John Waller of Stafford was able to share the day with us. He gave a homily during Mass. Eileen Mary thrived on filling the freezer with cakes and cookies for THE DAY. They were delicious.

The garden has been beautiful, full of colour. Even some of the Compton Durville flowers have found their way here. It's lovely to have the greenhouse to potter around in on wet days, repotting and dividing plants.

The hermitage is looking lovely, hidden behind the trees, and during the summer surrounded by roses and foxgloves. It has been well used during the summer, mostly by our guests during the day as they seek extra peace and quiet. We ourselves retreat there from time to time; it is important to allow ourselves to be quiet and still, and wait upon the lord to fill us with his Love.

We have many more coming to our weekday eucharist and it is at this feast of all feasts that we all share that He gives us strength to 'Pursue the things that make for peace and build up our common life'. (Romans 14: 19).

Brother David Stephen writes:

ALNMOUTH Heat wave! The sun beats down from cloudless blue skies day after day; some of our guests are sweating because they brought only warm clothes.

Colin Wilfred has settled in very well. He is already involved in the life of the diocese; he is a member of the Bishop's Liturgical Committee, the group planning the Diocesan Swanwick next year, the Diocesan Synod, and the 'Cuthbert 84' Committee. He is also spending days in a few parishes typical of particular aspects of church life in the Diocese. He is aware of the importance of relationships with the Newcastle and Durham dioceses.

At Colin's suggestion, we made some changes in the keeping of Holy Week and Easter, emphasising the Paschal Feast with the focus on the unity of the act of Redemption. Apart from the introductory talk and the Palm Sunday Liturgy there were no addresses until the Wednesday of Holy Week when one was linked with an Act of Penitence. Those who took part found the change an improvement.

We have continued the programme of 'Conferences and Retreats' planned for this year by Brother Jonathan. In between such events there has been a steady stream of guests; in the height of summer we are fully booked, sometimes over-booked. There is no doubt that a great many people benefit in various ways from

staying in the Friary, or just visiting; some are refreshed, others have their faith deepened or renewed . . . lives are changed.

It was good to have Peter Douglas back with us for the 'Youth Day' and for 'Children's Day'; Ronald came to the latter, he and Peter made a great contribution. Ronald with guitar, banjo, and Brother Happy and Sister Hoppy (actually puppets) gave a very lively Gospel presentation.

Instead of our 'Summer Festival' we joined with other Communities in the 'York Festival . . . Friends Rejoicing' celebrating the 150th anniversary of the Oxford Movement. Despite the early doubts of some, the event was very well supported and worthwhile, some 1,500 taking part. Marcus represented us on the planning committee. He was also a member of the group which put on the first 'All night Youth Vigil' in Alnwick, which included a swim at 6.15 a.m.

David Stephen made his Life Vows in May, it was a real family occasion. Soon after he and Jude were on mission in Ordsall, Salford; then to Rome and Assisi as Chaplain and A.D.C. to a Third Order Pilgrimage.

The final act of the Newcastle Diocesan Centenary Celebrations was a pilgrimage to Holy Island. One of the several groups of youngsters taking part spent the weekend at the Friary; all these groups were involved in workshops entitled 'Spiritual Journey'; they joined with us and five thousand others on the Pilgrims Way to Holy Island for a Eucharist at which the Archbishop of York preached. It was one of our sunny days.

Edmund continues to work very hard indeed in connection with the cooker, central heating and water supplies. The Propane tank and lines have been installed, the Aga converted, it works well and also supplies hot water to the kitchen area. The whole operation could not be carried out without the continued advice and help of our Tertiary Clem Gault and someone with Edmund's skills; nor without another Tertiary, Steven Abbott, who is spending two months here to help with this project, or if it were the cost would be prohibitive. Edmund has been released from all other duties, so the vegetable garden is having a year of complete rest. Inevitably there have been trenches, holes, copper pipes, plastic pipes, tools, odds and ends, all sorts all over the place. We look forward to the completion of the work; through it we expect to save a considerable amount of money each year, so all the effort and temporary inconvenience will have been well worthwhile.

Life in the Stepney House continues in its usual hectic way. Since the **STEPNEY** last edition of THE FRANCISCAN we have had the builders in, working on our top room, to give us two extra bedrooms. This means that we now have a guest room and an extra room which would be ideal for quiet days or for people who want to work in quiet. It also means we all have a bedroom and Sheila is no longer sleeping on the shelf!

In the last few months there have been a number of changes. Keith is no longer working in Central London, but for a Housing Association which is re-vamping a group of tenements a few minutes away from the house. These buildings, which are amazingly called 'Fieldgate MANSIONS' are some of the worst housing in the area. Keith's work is to find out the tenants' requirements and to liaise between them and the Housing Association. This work is going very well and he is enjoying it immensely.

Peter has finished working at the Special Families Centre and although 'unemployed' is finding there are not enough hours in the day in which to do everything. Since the builders went there has been a lot of decorating. He has also been helping out in the London Hospital Chaplaincy, assisting the remaining chaplain, relieving on days off and holidays. He has also been doing a 'rights' course and catching up on his reading, the latter at a local Roman Catholic community. This has proved a good ecumenical link and a strong friendship is growing up between us.

We are all staggered by the amount of energy that Leonore has. She continues with her work translating in clinics. Also she helps with a playgroup every week and has been teaching Bengali to a number of health visitors and a local doctor. Leonore's Bengali skills are invaluable in this area.

Since February, Sheila has been teaching in a secondary school five minutes away from the house. As it is supply teaching, this means covering for absent teachers so she can be teaching anything from Art to Woodwork, Music to Mechanical Engineering. The most bizarre of all is French as she does not know a word of that language.

Our links with local community organisations (such as C.O.F., T.H.A.R.J., S.G.A.G.) inevitably finds us involved in the most unusual activities. Perhaps the most noteworthy was the day we all sat and counted cars in Stepney Way to formulate proposals for traffic distribution in the new Borough Plan. The life in the house is very happy and we are beginning to feel settled in the area. However, we are in desperate need of a volunteer to teach our milkman how to whistle.

Sister Bridget Fiona writes:

COMPTON DURVILLE We last wrote in the January Chronicle, since when in retrospect there has been a steady flow of happenings, bringing fresh experiences, changes and challenges. On 21 February Barbara Ruddock was clothed, taking the name Julian Barbara; Mary Newby was admitted as a Postulant on 6 April and Ann Crowley withdrew from the noviciate in early February. In September we look forward eagerly to a six month visit of Sister Suzanne Elizabeth from San Francisco. An added joy has been having sisters Jean, Susan, Skeena and Pamela Joy back from Dover and Nan from Ty'r Brodyr.

February was tree felling time when a number of Douglas firs, Norwegian spruce and larches had to be felled having become a potential hazard or needing to be thinned out. This has created a sense of openness and distant views over towards the Lambrooks. We are thankful that the vegetable garden is increasingly productive, with plenty over to put in the deep freeze for the winter months, and with the soft fruit gleanings—through the generosity of our neighbouring fruit farmers—have provided ample for jams and deep freezing. House maintenance is an ongoing need and expenditure has been minimised by our sisters with D.I.Y. skills, who have tackled a wide range of tasks from high level gutter clearing to electrical repairs, carpentry and interior decorating.

Some fresh and joyful experiences have been hosting the Southern Regional Meeting here for the first time in May, an increasing number of day groups, making further use of our two conference rooms and welcoming in June our new South Petherton rector, the Rev. C. G. Moore.

Compton was the venue for the live BBC1 TV transmission on 1 May at 9.30 a.m. when one of the 'This Is The Day' worship programmes was led by Sister Hannah supported by our residents, Gertrude Whitehill, Nora Neal and Daisy Samways. On-the-spot preparations began on the previous Friday afternoon when three TV vans and generator were parked in the courtyard. In no time the place throbbed with activity; cables unrolled, cameras set up with monitors and microphones and lights, etc. To see this good-natured, highly efficient group of around twenty, headed by Angela Tilby and directed by Harry Coventry, in action, was another unforgettable experience.

On 18 June we had our Open Day with glorious weather for the open air Eucharist and a splendid turn out of friends old and new. We were grateful to Brothers Geoffrey, Anselm and Ramon and Mother Elizabeth for sharing so much with us, and to all who helped so generously in so many ways.

Finally, amidst all our activities, there is the strengthening assurance of Sister Gabriel in our midst. The converted cricket pavilion hermitage is almost completed and it is expected to be blessed on 12 August and dedicated to S. Mary and the Angels and we rejoice with her that she can at last live the life of prayer in solitude.

Things are much the same here as
S. MICHAEL'S HOUSE, PADDINGTON when we last wrote. Construction work goes on inside the house and outside it, pretty well non-stop. The jobs inside are of a fairly minor nature but they are persistent. We do at last seem to have come up with a solution to obtaining a chapel area that is not too noisy and is large enough too for us to invite others in to join us in worship. It involves moving a wall with a doorway in it (all wooden panelling) back about six feet. Being a relatively small job it presents problems in finding a firm to do it. We are still exploring the field. We have of necessity acquired a number of skills since moving in but we do not feel quite up to that manoeuvre yet.

The outside work consists of the erection of a large block of 'Town Houses' opposite to be followed by a block of flats for single people on the site adjacent on our right.

Jannafer's work in the local hospitals has expanded now that there is an inter-regnum whilst a new chaplain is appointed at S. Mary's. Eleanor Bridget has been rejoicing with some and commiserating with others as exam results have come in for the medical students at S. Mary's. Pauline continues to work with the homeless at the Day Centre and has had opportunity over the past few months to meet with other caring groups and to learn something more about the care of those with alcohol problems.

2 July was the anniversary of our move into this house and we celebrated with a small dinner party. It was good that Mother Elizabeth was at home that weekend.

It is difficult to grasp that a whole year has gone by. It has certainly been packed full of new and interesting and exciting adventures for us all one way and another. We have felt at times that they were crowding one another, but in retrospect and a little distanced from some of them we would all say 'It has been a good year', thanks be to God for its opportunities through which to learn to grow in his love and service.

Brother Victor writes:

PLAISTOW This has been an encouraging and exciting year for us. Last January we launched a neighbourhood care scheme in the area around the Friary called 'Helping Hands'. This was done following our response to the Gospel Now Conference when we felt strongly that we ought to respond more concertedly to our own local community. With about twenty helpers we began by conducting a door-to-door Talent Survey which revealed much of the local people's hopes and difficulties, goodwill and apathy. We also saw more clearly what the potential could be, and what fragmented, depersonalised environment was doing to people's lives.

The first practical response to this has been a steady flow of helping/befriending tasks, sometimes undertaken by one of us but more often encouraging neighbours to come alongside each other. A community newsletter has also been launched with a circulation of about five thousand which has already had an impact in spreading ideas and useful information. We also had two parties for our neighbours in June and although one was badly affected by unpredictable weather, they were both very happy and good occasions.

Brothers Julian and Antony have been most deeply involved in this project, but we are hoping to increase this to a core group of four by the end of the year.

There are many ways in which 'Helping Hands' could develop as we slowly learn what it means to co-operate with what our Lord is doing and willing in our neighbourhood, and we remain grateful that we have been allowed to begin this work.

As for the rest, we continue with our varied commitments. Donald has recovered well from his bout of hepatitis. Tristram has just left us to move to Glasshampton, and we thank him warmly for the very considerable contribution he has made to our family life over the past seven years and wish him every blessing in his Open University Course. We are also very pleased to welcome Brother Christopher as take-over from Tristram as Provincial Secretary. Victor has been recommended for training to be a Permanent Deacon and will begin the Southwark Ordination Course later in September.

GLASSHAMPTON Brother Anselm was with us for S. Anselm's day (21 April) as well as Bishop John. The date will be remembered in future as Brother Gregory's day, on which his life profession was made. There was a small but happy party, suitably victualled by the kitchen brothers. A postulant of S.S.J.E. who was staying with us at the time, was among those present.

The three novices, Ian Andrew, Dominic Christopher and David Johnstone, who have been with us since December, will be dispersing soon after these notes were written. Raymond Christian had a shorter time with us and has now moved on to Cambridge. Numerous professed brothers have found their way here for one reason or another, including Sebastian on leave from Trinidad. Arnold having made himself useful and contributed a great deal by his cheerful presence since he left Birmingham, is shortly off to the school at Hooke. Eric was with us during the Easter season and Gordon and Damian in June. Others have made retreats with us.

Quiet days for outside groups continue to happen from time to time and sometimes talkative afternoon or evening visits. Among those who have stayed with us we were pleased to welcome Father Joe Parker, preparing yet again in his retirement to go on mission.

Some of us took part in the recording of a feature about the house for a tape-recorded magazine circulated to blind persons in the area. Some of the incidental noises caught on the tape were louder than we realised!

Brother Amos writes:

TANZANIA The friary at Mtoni is rather cut off. There is no telephone, and you must be very determined if you are to get there and back again from town without your own transport. Few people have that. So it has made a great difference having our new house in town for the past year. It is a house constantly full of visitors, and the numbers for lunch is totally unpredictable. Shephard and Yoeli have both done wonders as cook, their cuisine enriched by Tshiamala's tactful advice. Tshiamala took three 'A' levels in June. Yoeli, sadly has left the noviciate, and we wish him well.

James Anthony, teacher and college bursar, conducts the operation from his little cell, and may be called on at any hour for an advance or a chat, such is his kind heart.

Petro is our link man with the diocese, attending the weekly clergy meetings. He often takes services on Sunday and happily walks miles for the privilege.

Shopping, when there are so many shortages, needs primarily endless patience, and Kenneth luckily has just that. The hours he has to spend in queues are phenomenal.

By the time this is printed we hope to have constructed a new water tank at Mtoni. This will be just in time to produce showers in our guest house for the party of twenty young people from the Hereford diocese whom we are looking after for two weeks in August, in shifts of ten at a time. They are coming to learn about Tanzania, and are an ideal 'bridge' between two cultures. We hope they will help harvesting our citrus crop which looks quite good this year. The tangerines seem to be resting but the oranges make up for it, so we should get our usual fifteen-odd tons.

We look forward greatly to Brother Edmund joining us in September, and thank God for the continuing steady growth of our small young community.

Brother Brian writes:

**AUSTRALIA AND
NEW ZEALAND PROVINCE** The Provincial Chapter met at Auckland during the last week of May. It was helped by a Quiet Day conducted by the Deputy Protector, Archbishop Paul Reeves. The Protector, Bishop Ken Mason, who has been the first Bishop of the Diocese of the Northern Territory in Australia since 1968, has been appointed Chairman of the Australian Board of Missions. He succeeds Robert Butters, a member of the Third Order, who has become Dean

of S. John's Cathedral, Brisbane, bringing him and his wife, Margaret, also a tertiary, into closer contact with the Brothers at Brookfield and their fellow tertiaries in Queensland. In his capacity as Chairman of the Australian Board of Missions, Bishop Ken will be working from Sydney which so far as the Society of Saint Francis is concerned will be more convenient than Darwin. The Society is much blessed by the way that Bishop Ken and Archbishop Paul make themselves readily available with their wisdom and pastoral interest. In gratitude to them we would also include those people of God, generally priests, from whom Brothers and Sisters seek regular spiritual direction and/or the ministry of reconciliation.

The Chapter decided that the time had come when we need to finish living and working at Morris House in the Brisbane suburb of Taringa. We have been there since 1969. In latter years we have concentrated particularly on the care of teenage boys who have been recommended by the State Department of Children's Services. While all Brothers would agree that it is a worthy Franciscan work in the present day it does seem that we do not have enough suitable or available Brothers to guarantee continuity. We have therefore had to tell the Anglican Men's Society, to whom the house belongs and who invited us to staff it (an association we have appreciated very much), that we shall be finishing there as soon as other arrangements can be made. Furthermore, the Brisbane custody is aware of the increasing needs of caring ministries in the city itself to which we feel we should now turn our attention: and do a work within the ability of most Brothers. The next edition of the Chronicle may have more definite news to give about this.

Lest it be thought that in Australia we are giving attention only to Brisbane and Stroud (where the Sisters of the Community of S. Clare also live) the Chapter has asked the Minister to investigate the possibilities of having a house either in the north of Australia or in Sydney. At the moment we do not have enough Brothers for either; but it could be that in about two to three years' time we will be ready to go elsewhere. Some preliminary enquiries and ground work need to be done first. And when we propose to open a house we need also to be sure of being able to maintain continuity for a reasonable number of years. Further expansion in both Australia and New Zealand depends very much on Australians and New Zealanders from the various racial and ethnic groups which make up these nations coming forward to test their vocations and having the will to persevere if the religious life of S.S.F.

is believed to be the way of love and service for them. Much depends too on having the right Brothers in places where together they are adequately used and fulfilled according to the interests, gifts and abilities of each.

The Chapter extended Brother Leo Anthony's Guardianship of the Auckland custody for a further year. This will make the election of all Guardians in the Province simultaneous in 1984. Brother Howard, at present of the Brisbane custody, was elected to Life Vows. The date of the ceremony has yet to be fixed. In recent months Geoffrey Adam, who hails from Western Australia and has come to us from the Royal Australian Air Force, has been clothed as a novice at Brookfield. And at Auckland there have been two clothings—Aaron who was a worshipper at S. Barnabas Church, Roseneath and a Librarian in the Wellington Fire Service, and Matthew John who has worshipped at the Cathedral and been a gardener in Auckland.

Brother Bruce Paul who was part-time chaplain of the Queen Victoria School for Maori Girls has been offered the post of Youth Facilitator in the Church of the Province of New Zealand. The Chapter was happy for him to accept the position as he will continue to live at the Auckland Friary and work from it. The work will bring him into contact with young people in all the dioceses. He is to be commissioned by the Archbishop in Wellington Cathedral on 15 August.

Brother Daniel joined this Province in February after many years in the Solomon Islands and Papua New Guinea. He is at the Auckland Friary working with the Missions to Seamen on the week-ends and undertaking a variety of other functions. His experience is a considerable asset to the Auckland custody. The two Pacific Island Brothers at Auckland this year are Clifton Henry from the Solomons, and Walter from Papua New Guinea who despite the cold winter seem as happy and as popular as their predecessors.

Brothers George and Damian Kenneth are now living at Otara, a low-cost housing estate (comprising people of various races), where they are quietly making themselves known and supplementing the ministry of clergy and social workers in the area. With the latter Damian is organising a number of camps for young people, with support from the Lions Clubs. He also continues his work with the Richmond Fellowship. A third Brother is very much needed at Otara. Their address is: 56 Boundary Road, Otara, Auckland.

From all the houses of the Province Brothers have fulfilled a large number of mission, retreat and preaching engagements locally and further afield. As these notes are being written four of the New Zealand Brothers are on a 'vanabout' visiting parishes in the Dioceses of Dunedin, Christchurch and Wellington. By invitation of the Vicar and Vestry (perhaps after the suggestion has been made) they visit a parish for eight days—Sunday to Sunday—assist with Services and Sunday School on the first Sunday, do some visiting through the week and whatever else needs to be done, lead or attend a number of house groups, speak at schools, conduct a Quiet Day on the Saturday and complete the visit with one Parish Eucharist on the second Sunday when usually the Vicar is a member of the congregation. In this way the Brothers take their religious life into the parishes and encourage the People of God there in their discipleship and mission as a parish family.

From Brookfield Brother Wayne has preached at the Festival of S. Francis College, where he has also lectured on Franciscan spirituality. Brothers Reginald, Alan Barnabas, Howard and Noel Thomas have all been involved in the Ministry of the Word and Sacraments at retreats, missions and camps in various places. Brother Kabay is living now at the Brookfield Friary and contacting Torres Strait people living in Brisbane. Brother William and his helpers continue to produce some beautiful pottery, and Christopher Charles may soon become a learner of this art and craft. Masseo has a heavy burden to bear with the care of Morris House, which he does valiantly. Thomas Lloyd has spent two months of his noviciate at the Stroud Hermitage, from which Brother Peter has conducted a retreat for S. John's College, Morpeth and preached in Sydney a number of times at different churches, most recently at the celebrations to commemorate John Keble and the beginning of the Oxford Movement.

For compassionate reasons Brother Paul-James has transferred to the European Province. Brother William Lash has completed a most helpful eighteen months in the Province chiefly at Brookfield, and is visiting the American Province before returning to England. Joseph, who completed his Bachelor of Arts Degree from Queensland University with distinction, is now novice tutor at the Haruro Friary in Papua New Guinea. Gerard is having a few months away from the community working as an aid to a physiotherapist in Melbourne. In recent months one or more of the Houses have enjoyed visits by

Rodney (on leave from America), Giles (en route to the Solomons from England), Geoffrey Leonard (on leave from the Solomons) and Andrew (on his way to visit England from Papua New Guinea). Reginald has been to England, mainly to see his elderly mother. Leo Anthony has visited the brothers and other friends at Honiara. Dunstan arrives soon from Trinidad to spend about six months at Stroud.

Brother Brian had a full preaching programme at S. James, King Street in Sydney during Holy Week and Easter. He gave three addresses at the first National Anglican Catholic Renewal Conference in Melbourne which Wayne also attended; and then was an Anglican guest at the National Assembly of Major Superiors of the Roman Catholic Communion, discussing 'Formation Today'. During his current period in New Zealand he is conducting retreats in Auckland and Wellington.

Among the many visitors to our houses have been the Archbishop of Canterbury to the Auckland Friary where he celebrated the Eucharist one morning and spent some time with the brothers (during his visit to the Church in New Zealand); and Archbishop David Hand who spent a few days at Stroud with his brother Peter on retiring from Papua New Guinea, before travelling to England to take up a temporary appointment in the Norwich Diocese.

R.I.P. At the time of going to press, we heard the news of the deaths of our Sister, Agnes Mary, formerly the Reverend Mother of the Community of Saint Francis, on 10 July at Compton Durville, aged eighty-eight years and in the sixty-third year of her profession in vows; and of Philip Strong, formerly Bishop of New Guinea (during which time he was responsible for bringing S.S.F. to that country) and later Archbishop of Brisbane and Primate of Australia, on 6 July, at Wangarata, Victoria, Australia. Obituaries will appear in the next issue of *THE FRANCISCAN*.

The following is extracted from
PACIFIC ISLANDS PROVINCE a letter sent by Brother Giles to
 his friends in the U.K.; he
 recently left the European Province to go and live and work in Alangaula
 in the Solomon Islands:

My first impression of the Solomon Islands was of great natural beauty. The islands are quite large with mountain ranges covered in tropical rain forest. There are coastal plains covered in coconut and

other plantations. The sea is clear and beautiful, though there are not a great deal of sandy beaches. The views are quite magnificent. Honiara is itself a town of about thirty thousand people. It is spread along the north coast of Guadalcanal and was originally an American base in the last war. It was the scene of fierce fighting between the Americans and Japanese, and there are still many relics of the battles around. The international airport was a U.S. air force base, and many of the stores and workshops in the town are old quonset huts, still standing forty years after they were erected. Honiara is the government, business, commercial and every other sort of centre for the Solomons. It is quite well laid out and has plenty of beautiful trees lining the roads. There is a lot of traffic and it is fairly noisy, but quite a peaceful and relaxed place altogether. It has been good to be here for the last six weeks as it has given me a chance to get to know what goes on here, what the resources are and what the shops are like, etc. It has also given me a chance to get used to the climate, food, water and way of life. My first three weeks here, including Easter, went very well, but then I had a very unpleasant nine days with a high temperature, vomiting, headache, etc. I had blood tests for malaria, which proved negative, and I think it was really just a case of getting used to all the new bugs and germs that are here. For example there is no pure drinking water here, we drink rain water from tanks, and I'm not quite sure what is swimming in them. Anyway I have got over that and am back in full working order, and I hope immune from some of the germs now. Another example of acclimatising is that I have had a small blister on one toe which has still not healed after nearly five weeks. In England it would heal in a few days. In fact I am so acclimatised that I don't notice the heat or the humidity until I realise that my clothes are drenched with perspiration, even now at 8.00 p.m. on a cool evening I'm as hot as one is likely to get on a fine summer's day in England. But the heat is nice and I have never needed to wear more than shirt and shorts, or just have a sheet at night. Even getting up at 5.30 a.m., which we do five days a week is no real problem as it is warm.

The Anglican Church (the Church of Melanesia) is widespread through most of the islands so the congregations include every type of person. Our brothers, too, come from many different areas.

In Honiara S.S.F. has two houses. I have been staying at the main house, Patteson House, since I arrived. There are usually about six brothers here. They are involved in two kinds of ministry: church

support work and a caring ministry for some handicapped young men. The church support work is fairly typical, e.g. school, hospital, prison, house visiting; taking services in various places helping with the local church (I preached there on Easter morning, and at the Cathedral in the evening, and will be preaching here tomorrow, 1 May). The caring ministry is with four deaf and dumb and two blind young men. One of the deaf and dumb and one of the blind men live here, the other four come three days a week and assemble cartons for soap powder. We have a subcontract with the local soap factory, so the men get some pay as well as the company and a feeling of being useful. There are no social services or benefits as such here except a school for handicapped children run by the Red Cross, so the men would just be sitting about at home otherwise. The second house is called S. Nicholas Centre and three brothers live and work there. The Guardian of this custody, Brother Geoffrey Leonard, is actually in charge of the centre which is a department of the Church of Melanesia. The centre deals with evangelism, broadcasting, stewardship, youth work, book writing and publishing. It has excellent buildings and does a good job. We visit there twice a week and share some life with the brothers. It is a quiet and restful place after the noise of Patteson House. I shall be leaving here for Alangaula on 2 May, and that friary is our training house for the Solomons. There are three professed brothers there and about ten novices. I will tell you more about that when I have been there a bit. Our daily life here is rather the same as that lived in a friary in England. We start a bit earlier (Morning Prayer at 6.00 a.m.) and finish a bit earlier (Compline at 9.00) but otherwise the daily schedule of offices, prayer time, meals, housework, etc. is just about the same. The main difference is a much greater simplicity of life, possible because the Melanesian life style is basically simpler than the European one, and imposed because of a real shortage of cash and the expense of replacing anything. For example the brothers here desperately need a new gas stove, the present one has to be turned on with a pair of pliers and burning gas issues from various places, but a new stove would cost about £700. There is a 60% import tax and 12% purchase tax on anything like that which is imported, and of course nearly everything has to be. The same applies to refrigerators, vehicles and anything else so they just fall to bits around us. But it's amazing what you can put up with if you have to. The diet, too, is rather monotonous, but quite wholesome. For breakfast we usually have cereal, toast and marmalade and tea; lunch is boiled rice and tinned fish; supper a meat

dish, some form of greens (usually fern tops or pumpkin tops) and the ubiquitous sweet potato. The sweet potato is really the staple diet of most Melanesians and they devour large quantities of it, I find it rather indigestible, so don't eat too much of it. The diet is alright but gets a little boring when you have the same thing everyday. I have lost some weight since being here, about half a stone I would think, but still have plenty of spare flesh, but I don't think that will last long at Alangaula.

Finally a word about church life in general as it obviously affects our work, vocations and future. The Melanesians seem to have a natural inclination for worship and devotion. Hundreds come to church on Sundays, men, women and children. It is a lovely, happy, family occasion. They sing well, though rather slowly, with rich harmonies. The liturgy is in English and is always celebrated with dignity and solemnity. Vestments, incense, etc. are commonly used, what would have been described as Prayer Book Catholic. Daily services are well attended, for example, at the eucharist this evening (5.30 p.m.) there were four baptisms and about seventy communicants. This devotion overflows into a steady stream of vocations for the priesthood, evangelists, Melanesian brotherhood and ourselves. If there is any lack in the church it is the need for a more conscious social witness, but this will come as society changes and the needs become more evident.

Brother Robert Hugh writes:

AMERICAN PROVINCE 'Francis, rebuild my Church'. The words were spoken to Francis from the painted wooden crucifix hanging in the little church of San Damiano in Assisi. In May I was in that church which still preserves such an authentic flavour of Saint Francis.

Rebuilding is not the same as building a new church. It may be strikingly different architecturally, but if it is a rebuilding it will surely be on the same foundations. The American Province is in the midst of some rebuilding as our Brothers and Sisters look at our existing life and ministries and seek to discern what new steps of faith will be a true response to the challenge to 'rebuild my church' whose one foundation is Jesus Christ.

Some of our new steps are becoming clearer: plans for handing back to the diocese of California in September the Bishop's Ranch, which

we have managed for ten years, are well advanced. So are the plans for Rodney, Donald Sullivan and Lee to live in Manhattan while Donald studies at General Seminary; so are the plans for John George, Patrick Damian (who used to be Patrick Ronald) and Jon Bankert to live in a largely West Indian section of Brooklyn. Less clear as I write are the plans for a second California house, which we hope will include Brothers and Sisters; a number of places and ministries are still being reviewed. Please keep these ventures in your prayers.

Many of us will have been in England by the time you read this. I have just returned, and as I write Justus is attending the Oxford Movement Conference, while Derek, Mark Francis and Sister Ruth hope to attend the Novice Guardians' Conference. Jon Bankert looks forward to a holiday, a retreat and some presentations of his 'Chancel Puppetry' as he visits several religious communities.

Brother Douglas is making wonderful progress after triple by-pass surgery and was able to make his first profession at Little Portion on 26 June, two days before Patrick Damian and Lee did so in San Francisco. Leo had surgery in May and is doing very well. Stephen is in hospital as I write, with lung and heart difficulties. Ruth's father and Derek's father have both died; so has Dominic's mother. We are grateful for your prayers for all these needs.

Our formation team are with the novice Brothers and Sisters in a part of the world called 'Four Corners' where the states of Arizona, New Mexico, Utah and Colorado have a common boundary, in the midst of the Navajo American Indian Reservation. May we be guided to and from the four corners of God's world as we seek to be his instruments who may rebuild his church.

Marx, Marxism and Religion

BY ALISTAIR KEE



WRITING this article while living in the U.S.A. leads me to begin by making some distinctions that would perhaps be regarded as unnecessary in Europe. James Casteneda, whose work as professor of Hispanic Studies at Rice University in Texas takes him to many different countries in Europe and Latin America, recently remarked that the U.S.A. is the only country in which he has lived where 'socialism' is a bad word. It was refreshing to hear such a comment in a society where it is often taken for granted that capitalism is the highest form of life possible on the planet earth, just as God intended. In such a context, to acknowledge that some Christians have been influenced by Marx would be regarded as confessing a sin which could then be forgiven. But to advocate such an influence would be judged as wilful and persistent attachment to evil, a sin against the Holy Ghost. It is therefore necessary to make some distinctions about what elements of Marx's work have been influential and which have not—though such a fine point will be lost on those who thrust into the same bag, destined for damnation, Marx, socialized medicine, nuclear freeze, feminism, gun control and giving the Panama Canal to Panama. It is useful to consider three aspects of Marx's work. The first two have been influential on Christian thought and practice in recent years: the third has not—nor should it be.

Critical philosophy

Although Marx is sometimes thought of as a revolutionary, he is better understood as a philosopher. On the death of his father he was able to give up his studies in law to turn to the subject of his own choice, philosophy. At the outset he was fascinated by the comprehensiveness of Hegel's system of Absolute Idealism, but the effect of Hegel's thought was politically and socially conservative. It explained why what is ought to be. It argued that although the reasons for this might not be clear at the time, they will emerge later. In contrast to a philosophy which explained the past and legitimized the present, Marx set out to construct a philosophy of the future, a philosophy which would expose the wrongs of the past, analyse the ills of the present and thereby advocate new directions for the future. Marx's philosophy is a critical

philosophy, geared not so much to interpreting (justifying) the world, as to changing (improving) it. Such a philosophy has an obvious attraction for Christians in a culture in which the social sciences regard being 'value-free' as a merit, and in which philosophy has withdrawn from commitment, to discussing the meaning of the word 'commitment'.

Central to Marx's critical philosophy is the analysis of ideology. Broadly speaking an ideology is a socially constructed world view, a picture of how things are which seems quite natural to those who live within it. It might seem natural in a particular society that there should be a class born to rule and a class born to be ruled, that everyone should be content with his lot in life, that the most important values in life are obedience to authority and a willingness to work hard. Marx draws attention not only to the fact that such views are socially constructed, but that they suit the interests of one group against another. Those who control society also control such ideas and are able to disseminate them. It is one of the paradoxes of life that those who suffer under an ideology usually are the most fervent in support of it.

Marx's critical philosophy aims to expose false consciousness, false assumptions about the way things are in society. It also exposes the way in which religion is often used to legitimize the social and political order, to claim that how things are is according to God's will, and consequently that to advocate any change would be to oppose God. It is not difficult to see how this critical philosophy has been influential on Christians in recent years. Since the time of Constantine the church has tended to justify the social order and legitimize the political order. Marx has encouraged a timely scepticism about such arguments and an appropriate attitude of suspicion towards the motivation of those who maintain ideologies.

Humanism

'Humanism' is one of several terms which the young Marx used to describe his position in contrast to the alternatives of his day. It may seem to us a rather vague and insipid term, but Marx wrote during some of the worst conditions of the industrial revolution, conditions which had not been brought about by chance, but out of inhumanism. The familiar picture of Marx, in which with flowing beard he resembles an Old Testament prophet, reminds us of his righteous anger against

inhumanism, the exploitation and degradation of men, women and children, all too often by the greed of those who were welcomed at the doors of fashionable churches Sunday by Sunday.

Marx accepted his Promethean role and the rejection by his own class which followed quickly. Prometheus did not live for himself, but stole fire from the gods to bring comfort to men. When the gods were inhumane Prometheus defied them. If Marx spoke stridently at times against religion, it was a religion which represented God as permitting or even ordaining the suffering of the poor.

It is not surprising that Marx's humanism has also influenced Christians today. The action taken against him was not because of his lack of belief in God, but for his exposure of such a false picture of God and the way in which God was used against man. But his humanism led him into conflict at the other end of the social and political spectrum when he criticised certain forms of communism. Communism too can dehumanize, and it is worth reflecting that the communism which he criticised in Paris in the 1840s exhibited many of the features of the communism of the twentieth century. Karl Marx stands in the same relation to the communism of the Soviet Union as Jesus Christ stands in relation to the Spanish Inquisition, and neither founder would have survived long had he appeared among the mutants who so fervently claimed to venerate him.

But there is another dimension to Marx's humanism which is of particular interest to Christians. Marx is sometimes thought of as a humanist philosopher who forsook this to become an economist. How strange if a first class critical philosopher should become a third class economist. But the real connection is that Marx never ceased to be a humanist: he came to pursue the roots of dehumanizing in modern society into the sphere of economics. He appears as an eccentric economist because he was actually challenging the materialist ideology which undergirds economics. Economists, in the tradition of value-free social science, attempt to discover the casual connections of supply and demand, production, distribution and exchange. As a humanist and social crusader Marx was certainly not value-free. He insisted that if man is not to be dehumanized and abused value will have to be determined not by money, that idol created by man and now worshipped by him, but by what of himself man puts into the product of his labour. It was not Marx as an economist who believed that socialism must replace capitalism, but rather Marx the humanist who believed that if

capitalism dehumanizes man, then it must be replaced with a system of economic relations which enables man to create his true human life. The conflict of socialism and capitalism here is not between two economic systems, but between two value systems. It is for this reason that Marx's humanism is of particular interest to Christians who put humane values before monetary values. Economic madness? Yes, almost as bad as selling what you have to give to the poor.

Historical materialism

If Marx's philosophy was oriented towards the future, the new future, yet he also wished to relate it to the past. The alternatives of his day he rejected. In Christianity the course of men and nations is controlled and determined by God. Hegel, in his criticism of the positivism of Christianity, secularized this view, teaching that history was the unfolding of an inherent rational principle. More important than Marx's rejection of these two philosophies of history, was his unacknowledged acceptance of their common premise, that there is a pattern and plan in history, which once discovered enables us to predict the future. His own alternative to Christianity and Hegel has come to be called 'historical materialism'. There is a pattern in history, but according to Marx it is not to be sought in the realms of heaven or of ideas, but rather in the material, in that sequence of epochs each characterised by its dominant mode of production, be it slavery, feudalism or capitalism. Marx read from this pattern the emergence of another epoch, that of communism with its own mode of production. To the realization of this next stage in history he devoted the rest of his life.

This third element has had virtually no influence on Christians, nor should it, for historical materialism is an ideology. It is Marxism as an ideology, competing with religion and in many respects similar to a religion. It too goes beyond objective, scientific demonstration; it requires faith. It has its preachers and converts, the fervour of the crusade, its roll of saints and martyrs for the cause. It has its fundamentalists and liberals, its internal squabbles about its doctrine and holy writ, its anathemas and excommunications. And this is the Marxist ideology which has been discredited by history. But like all ideologies, when reality does not fit the system, so much the worse for reality. It stands not as an example for Christians to follow, but a warning to all those who think that they know how or even when history will end.

The critical philosophy of Marx, and his early humanism are of lasting value and have influenced many in western culture who would be embarrassed if they only knew the source of their most profound thoughts. But the critical philosophy and the humanism are independent of Marx's ideology: they neither imply the ideology nor do they depend upon it. Indeed and ironically the critical philosophy and the humanism are the best basis on which to criticise Marxist ideology when it distorts reality or dehumanizes men's lives.

Although this is the centenary of the death of Marx, his writings had little influence outside the communist movement until the late 1950s. At that time his early writings became widely known, those containing the clearest statement of his critical philosophy and humanism. The Marxist-Christian Dialogue followed during the next decade, but more recently Christians have been coming to terms with Marx for themselves. Theology in Europe has been influenced but more dramatic examples are to be found in Latin America and Asia. Especially in the emergent countries, where fundamental issues of democracy, equity, justice, development have been most seriously raised the critical philosophy and humanism have become important factors.

A flood of books has appeared in Latin America on the theme of 'theology of liberation'. In many of them Marx is discussed, a remarkable development since most of the authors are Catholic priests. But it is necessary for the writers to make clear where they stand on the issues. They can do this most directly by saying where they stand in relation to Marx. Of course this does not make them Marxist. To the contrary, since they reject historical materialism they are certainly not Marxists. But they are Christians who will not allow religion to be used to justify the old ways. They are now alive to the connection between the power of the rich and the suffering of the poor. Previously they were trained to base their theology on the philosophy of Aristotle, whose work was not only pre-scientific but profoundly un-Christian. Now they make use of a philosophy which comes from one of the founders of the modern social sciences, a humanist whose values were shaped by the Judaism of his family and the Christianity of his school.

It is the experience of Christians in Latin America that the critical philosophy of Marx has enabled them to see what is happening around them more clearly, and to bring their Christian judgement to bear more profoundly. It is Marx who has awakened them from their dogmatic slumbers, but it is as Christians that they both attempt to put their own

house in order and oppose evil in the world around. This has been the effect on archbishop Helder Camara when he speaks out against what he calls the stratified injustice of society. Gustavo Gutierrez has written of salvation, but since salvation has been distorted to refer only to the private and inner sphere, he chooses the term 'liberation' as being more inclusive. Jose Miranda demonstrates how false consciousness has led to a misreading of the bible, to the assumption that God is more interested in religious rites than social justice. Juan Segundo examines the way in which an ideology of domination has infiltrated even the doctrine of God, to distort the God revealed in the cross and replace the revelation with a faith in power and coercion. Jon Sobrino has pursued this question into an examination of the doctrine of Christology. Henrique Dussel looks at what has been attributed to God in previous views of social history.

Theologies influenced by Plato and Aristotle tended to legitimize the values of the political right and there is always the danger that theologians influenced by Marx might legitimize the values of the left. That is a possible outcome, not an inevitable one. More often the influence of Marx has been to alert Christians to ways in which the faith has distorted and abused in the past, and has led to a new commitment not only to the doing of God's will on earth, but discerning what is God's will for all of his creation.

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Four Bishops in Brazil, one of whom is a friar minor, have decided not to bless banks and public institutions, not to preside at Masses on national holidays and not to be present anymore at ceremonies of provincial governors and mayors. The reason is that they do not want these occasions of faith to be abused by political authorities, or to be used to justify economic abuses.

from *Fraternitas*, May-June, 1983.

The Challenges Facing British Socialism

BY LORD SOPER



IF second thoughts are best then this article should be approached with due caution, for it was written within a few hours of the declaration of the poll in the British General Election. However, inasmuch as my immediate reactions to this deplorable result tended to confirm attitudes to socialism in general, and the Labour Party in particular, I feel the more able to distinguish between strictly transient comments about the political scene as it now appears in 1983, and the welfare or otherwise of socialism as a political ideology in modern society.

Labour has lost this election for a number of reasons that have nothing, or little, to do with socialism. Its public image, its political ineptitude, its inbuilt divisions and the particular behaviour patterns of its principal spokesmen, all these have played their part in the electoral outcome. These characteristics or handicaps could just as well have been represented in parties professing allegiance to quite other manifestos. The Labour Party proved, unfortunately, that it was a flawed political institution and that was that.

Nonetheless that practical failure inevitably invites the contemplation of much deeper issues than a transitory decline, or even the eventual collapse of the Labour movement. It invites the consideration of socialism itself in the light of its official sponsorship by a political party in these islands for more than half a century; and it is here that it is profitable to reflect upon the non-success of those who have campaigned under its banner, and yet failed to win its battles.

To begin this examination, I refuse to use the words 'post mortem' but record two facts. The one is the almost total absence in the electoral campaign of the proclamation of socialism as a creed. The other is my melancholy experience after more than fifty years of open air preaching, that an intelligent appreciation of the meaning of the word on the part of the audience in Hyde Park is a rarity. The challenge of socialism can only be made in the context of an awareness of what it stands for. Therefore I do not hesitate to re-emphasize that socialism is that community living which enjoys a classless society through the public ownership of the means of production, distribution and exchange of that which is needful for the wellbeing of all its members. Such is proclaimed in Clause 4 of the Labour Party Constitution and for me its

final authority is the Sermon on the Mount. Basic ignorance of the meaning of socialism is in some cases the deliberate choice of those who regard politics as merely the art of the possible rather than the pursuit of the ideal, and the story of the Labour Party includes unmistakable evidence both of an increasing indifference to fundamental belief, and a more perverse disregard of such fundamental matters in the so-called interest of electoral success.

The effect of this failure to present socialism as a creed not a contrivance is all too plain. The setbacks and vicissitudes of parties here and elsewhere which have disregarded socialism as a way of life and have used it merely as a way to counter the grosser inequalities of the capitalist system have been eagerly seized upon by its opponents. Socialism, they declare, has failed and it deserves to fail—it is restrictive, totalitarian, the enemy of freedom, the denigration of human dignity, and a thousand other malignancies—and those who do not know better, become the victims of this propaganda. The truth is that, like Christianity, socialism has not been tried and found wanting; it has been found difficult and not been tried. How often have I been told that socialism is the same as communism, and that if the socialists got hold of power we should all be dragooned like victims of a press gang. What rubbish this is, ready and waiting to be recycled by the sponsors of the right.

At the same time the challenge of socialism has suffered the same decline in the moral principle that enlivens and energises it. The moral argument goes like this. The present system, the capitalist one, is an engine driven by a certain kind of fuel. It is marked as 'enlightened self interest' but its main ingredient is selfishness or privatization. Inasmuch as selfishness is a universal dynamic it is readily available and the mutual clash of such selfishness serves to regulate its practice, within acceptable limits. Capitalism runs best on this crude oil. Refinement is quite unnecessary. On the other hand socialism is a much more delicate machine. It will only function on the refined spirit of fellowship and co-operation and that is a fuel of much greater cost. Only those who are prepared to face that initial investment of their moral resources can run the socialist machine. Therefore any attempt to promote socialism by trying to run it on the crude oil of selfish aggrandisement, or even the advantage of those previously disadvantaged, is doomed—the machine breaks down as soon as it gets on the road. The reader I am sure, can fill in the details of this overall

attempt to present the basic moral proposition which informs the socialist case. It is profoundly different from the lack of such morality which lies at the heart of capitalism and the class system.

I would not wish to infer that everyone who is not a socialist is inevitably selfish, but the system is; and if only more people would read that great apostle of socialism, Tawney, they could find, as I did, an irrefutable argument for socialism as the moral application of the Lord's Prayer.

Finally socialism is a revolutionary philosophy and here again the failures in the Labour Party highlight this truth. A 'mixed economy' for the socialist should be a contradiction in terms. The programme of those who still cling to the words of Clause 4 but claim that a mixture of private enterprise based on profit making on the one hand, and public enterprise based on a common need on the other will achieve the best of both worlds, have blurred the socialist image, and worse still they have undermined the realities of a classless society. It was said a long time ago—you can't serve God and mammon. Socialism must reject the nation state as a desirable grouping. The nation state is in fact the most predatory and violent institution in the history of man. Its predominant characteristic is mass violence, and unless it is replaced its ultimate destiny is total destruction. I believe that socialism is inseparable from pacifism, that it is impossible to secure a world of justice while maintaining the arbitrament of armed conflict.

I realise that this is still a minority view even among socialists. Yet I hazard the conviction that the first community that practises socialism must be the one that totally renounces the violence of the nation state, depends upon the moral dynamic of a human brotherhood, and takes the risks of such a revolutionary programme. Even after the election, indeed because of its effects, I intend to hold the hope and faith that such a revolutionary challenge is not impossible for those who celebrate Christmas as the advent of the Prince of Peace, and as the final prospect of good tidings of peace on earth and goodwill among men.

Donald Soper is a Methodist minister attached to the West London mission; he now sits in the House of Lords.

Correction. Professor Raymond Chapman, who contributed to our last number, was incorrectly described by us as a lecturer at King's College, London. Professor Chapman lectures at the London School of Economics.

Socialism seen from a Tanzanian Village

BY A TANZANIAN OBSERVER



THE village where most of these conversations took place is situated in the north-eastern corner of Tanzania at the foot of the Usambara mountains. All the people quoted are real people, although their names have been changed, and this is their witness to the effect socialism has had on their lives. It is obviously a small part of a much larger picture. There is nothing here of industry and trade-unions, or the problems of production and marketing and international trade. Even the particular rural area where the village is situated has its own problems and opportunities which are not the same as other areas. The impact of socialism in another area could well be quite different.

The equivalent word in Kiswahili for 'Socialism' is 'Ujamaa'. Its literal translation is familyhood. The 'Operation Maduka' that Mrs. Shivji talks about is 'Operation Shops', and was a somewhat hurried and ill-planned attempt to set-up a nation-wide chain of co-operative shops.

Mama Shivji: Shopkeeper

I had to sell the shop when my husband died, you know. It was getting so hard to get supplies. My brother wanted me to join him in the U.K.—he is staying at 23 Rose Street—I don't suppose you know him do you?—but I could not leave my son here alone. He works on the Bus that Gurunanji takes to Dar every day.

Operation Maduka? Oh, that was a very bad time for us. First of all there was a meeting. We had no warning, no warning at all. The Party secretary for the area came and told all of us traders that the Government had said no one could run a shop by himself any more, a Co-operative shop would be started up, and everyone had ten days to close his own shop. Well! We just didn't know what to do, but then old Nanji came round with the rest of the shopkeepers and we made a collection. Nanji gave some of it to the local Secretary so that we could keep our licences and he went off to see the Government in Dar and used the rest there.

And so they set up this co-operative shop in the village, full of goods and all sorts of things, but what a mess they made of it! Most of their stock wasn't wanted by the villagers for a start, and they only opened

for a few hours each day. The assistants took home food from the shop because they weren't paid properly and the manager didn't try very hard to get new stock. We closed our shops officially, but everyone knew that they could get what they wanted by going round the back.

In the end, after the manager ran off with the money, they had to close the co-operative and let us open up again.

George Rajabu: Peasant

I have lived in this valley all my life and my father before me. Those coconut palms this side of the river at Mgezi, they all belong to my family. I planted them after I came back from working on the tea estates. First of all I grew maize and then I managed to get a licence to fell trees. I worked hard and didn't do too badly. With the money I bought an orchard of orange trees and hired a man to cultivate my maize field.

Ujamaa didn't make all that much difference. I was elected to one of the village committees because I'm a good speaker. We tried growing a communal field of maize for a couple of years, but it didn't work very well. Everybody agreed at the village meeting it would be a good thing to work together, and anyway we had been told that we must have a communal field, so we decided to have one. We agreed to work in it for one day each week. The first week about half the village turned up and began to clear the ground, but the next time only about six people or five appeared and after that nobody bothered. How could I spare the time, for instance, with all my different schemes and the fields I had to cultivate? So that fell through, and the co-operative shop collapsed as well. No, it seems we are just not ready to trust one another yet. There are some gains, it's true. The Government sells us seed and fertilizer cheaply because we are registered as a village.

John Kijana: Peasant

I went to Dar es Salaam once. I have a brother there and he even has a job, but I couldn't find any work. The manager at the factory where my brother works wanted a big bribe before he would take me on, and we didn't have enough money, so I came back here. Life is not so bad in the village. The work is sometimes hard but I do odd jobs helping others to clear their land or to fell trees and they pay me. No, I only have a small field here. I had a big field in the village where I used to live, along the valley about two hours away, but we moved when my son died. He was bewitched, you see, so we had to move,

and that's why we are still living in this little hut. No, I've never planted any trees, I've never stayed in one place long enough. Whenever it seems we have settled, something bad happens and we have to start all over again.

Ujamaa? Well, it means everyone works together, and we all help one another. When we first came here, for instance, all the neighbours came round and helped to build this hut. That's Ujamaa.

Gladstone Mandara: Primary-school Teacher

Ujamaa? Nobody here understands what Ujamaa is. They pretend to do what the Government tells them, they have a big meeting when the top people come round, they clap and shout themselves hoarse and work up such enthusiasm, but when the noise is all over, things carry on exactly the same as always. When they elected a village chairman they made sure they chose the most inoffensive little man they could find. He'd never have the guts to interfere with anything or insist on communal work.

Now look at my own home village, for example. We had a good leader and everyone backed him up. We had an honest treasurer. After two years we got a loan and bought a tractor. We cultivated a communal field of about three hundred acres as well as ploughing everyone's private fields. We even hired the tractor out to neighbouring villages. With Government grants we started a co-operative shop, a carpentry workshop and a chicken-farm. All these were successful and with the profits we bought a lorry for transporting fruit to be sold in the city.

We were lucky. We had good leadership and everyone understood what Ujamaa is and how we had to trust one another and work together. It wasn't easy, of course, and we made plenty of mistakes but life was much better for us. I must admit, though, that our village back home, well, it is in a minority. It is going to be a long hard struggle for Ujamaa to be accepted properly.

Yohan Yohanson: University Lecturer

I feel that the political concepts with which we are familiar in our western tradition do not have much relevance to the Tanzanian situation. It is not a capitalist economy, nor yet a socialist one. It is not feudal, nor is there yet an urban industrialized proletariat. If we need to define it perhaps the best would be to say that it is a pre-capitalist

economy, dominated to an unrealised extent by a proto-peasantry as yet uncaptured by the state bureaucracy.

Ninety per cent of the population are small peasants. In Tanzania small may or may not be beautiful—but it is certainly powerful. Despite colonial pressure, despite pressure from its socialist-bureaucratic successor, the peasantry have on the whole plodded on their own self-chosen way. When force has been used they have complied outwardly. When it is evidently to their own advantage they have availed themselves of Government help, although warily. They are quite aware that to become involved in a modern economy means loss of independence and freedom. They are attracted by neither a planned economy or a market economy. Their economy is the economy of affection.

An extreme example is that of the Masai whose tendency is to multiply as far as possible the head of cattle owned by each. Now this does not make economic sense. It is not good husbandry and is already making a disastrous impact on the environment. Yet it does make sense, you see, from the point of view of the people themselves, of the economy of affection where the dominant values are relationships and responsibilities among the family, the clan and the tribe.

Even that group of people who are not actually peasants still have strong ties with the peasant para-economy. They are almost in a sense like the 'Guest-workers' of Western Europe—they are visitors to the modern economy hoping eventually to return to the village, although occupying on their return a higher niche than before. Dar es Salaam is only superficially a city. In reality it is still one enormous transit camp. 'Home' is that small plot of ground back in the village where a person fits in, where they can breathe freely, surrounded by that intricate and vast web of relationships which make up their world and give meaning to it.

Mary Arnold: Retired Missionary

Yes, indeed, the village has changed enormously since I came out in the early days. The whole country has. Nobody had shoes in those days, for instance. Children had no proper clothes until they went to school and then only one pair of shorts and a shirt, or a dress, which was kept strictly for school. Very few people used beds, and you were bound to get fleas if you stayed overnight at the various out-stations, as I used to do when I was inspecting schools. I've not had a flea on me for years now! You don't find them any more.

Women in the village? I must admit there has not been much change there so far. They do try to educate people and get them to change their attitudes—the Party officials and Government people do, I mean. The local area Secretary came last year—I've known him since he was a tiny lad just beginning school—and he gave a long speech about how men and women were equal now under Ujamaa and had equal responsibilities and rights. Then they clapped and cheered, and off trooped the women as usual to prepare the rice and meat, while the men just sat talking and waiting for the food to be brought. One great help, however, was getting piped water. I knew the village in the days when the women had to fetch water from the river. That meant a climb of about three hundred feet, up very steep slopes with a bucket of water balanced on your head—perhaps three or four times a day. Now there is a tap in the middle of the village. If it had just been left to the men, I don't think they would have bothered. They didn't mind going down to the river to wash, and of course wouldn't have been seen dead carrying a bucket of water.

The women were opposed to having a communal field, I believe. It's easy to see why. What time they have over from cooking, water-fetching, wood-gathering and so on, they like to use cultivating a small cash-crop of their own. This gives them at least a small amount of economic independence from their menfolk. I've been to some of the village meetings and have been quite impressed at the way the women have begun to speak up. That wouldn't have happened in the old days. All this Ujamaa has begun to lighten their load—although there is a long way to go yet.

The Driver

I'm sick of this job, the driver said,
 Standing at the back of the bus, smoking.
 I watched him, finally expiring with
 A long grey breath a lungful of stale
 Smoke, like a dead wick.

He was not old, yet weary to the bone,
 Already burnt away bearing people;
 A hard flame.

JUNIPER S.S.F.

The Sufi and the Elephant

BY A. LLOYD-DAVIES

MOST visitors to Turkey, or any Muslim country, are aware only of the strict rules of behaviour laid down in the Koran, the Mosques, the calls to prayer of the Muezzin (now assisted by the latest Japanese sound systems!), and the devotions of the faithful.

Similarly my mental picture of a dirvish was culled from the fuzzy-wuzzies of the Sudan and Kitchener, or of men spinning like tops until they sank exhausted to the ground. That was until this summer when I was able to spend a time in Eastern Turkey on a sabbatical leave which took me to Konia, a large city in Anatolia. Konia is the religious capital of Turkey and it is the home of the whirling dirvishes. I first saw their 'monastery' by moonlight, with its dark green dome covered in translucent green tiles. It is a large complex which officially today is a museum, since all religious orders, both Muslim and Christian, were banned by the authorities some time ago. In each room stand the museum attendants in their standard V+A type uniform of blue serge with gold buttons and white shirts and dark ties, but once a year in December they revert to being dirvishes and the museum attendants dance!

Over the door of the ante room which you pass through as you enter the main building are these words:

'Come, come again, whoever you are,
Come heathen, fireworshipper, sinful of idolatry, come!
Come, even if you broke your penitence a hundred times.
Ours is not the portal of despair and misery. Come'.

And they come, not to see the exhibits but to pray. Some places have their own particular atmosphere and they are not always the expected places. Today, as a museum Agio Sophia is cold and lifeless, but to this museum come men and women to stand with their hands extended in prayer.

Mehvlana Calaleddin Rumi, and S. Francis were contemporaries. They had other striking things in common, as I was to discover. The basis of Mehvlana's teaching was the seeking after the good in all its many forms, together with the practise of infinite love and charity. He condemned slavery and advocated monogamy, even advocating the equality of the sexes (something Kemel Attaturk didn't achieve!). He recognised that man must earn his bread by the sweat of his brow and also that he must strive for beauty and truth in his life, whilst consistently avoiding display.

This inner mysticism, which lies behind the practise of religion for a large number of Muslims, is called 'Sufism'. The word itself has a number of supposed derivations. In fact Mehvlana tells a delightful story about some Hindus who displayed an elephant in a darkened tent. It was too dark to see the whole beast but the crowd are admitted one by one to feel. One felt its trunk and declared that it was a large snake, one its ear, and said it was a large fan, another its leg and 'saw' a pillar, another its back and 'saw' a throne. So, the prophet says, with those who define Sufism. There is an interesting theory however for us, in that the 'sufi' was the woollen habit of early Christian hermits.

By the Ninth Century the Sufi regarded asceticism as only the first stage of a journey, the preliminary training for a larger spiritual life than the mere ascetic is able to conceive. Ultimately they moved towards a faith which deposed the One transcendent God of Islam and worshipped in his stead One real Being who lives and works everywhere even in the heart of man.

‘ O God, I never listen to the cry of animals or to the quivering of trees, or to the murmuring of water, to the warbling of birds or to the rustling wind or the crashing thunder without feeling them to be evidence of unity and a proof that there is nothing like thee ’.

‘ Was it not I that summoned thee to service?

Did I not make thee busy with My name?

Thy calling “Allah ”! was My “ Here am I ”,

Thy yearning pain My messenger to thee.

Of all these tears and cries and supplications

I was the magnet, and I gave them wings ’.

Divine love is beyond description, yet its signs are manifest.

The complex of buildings is entered through an archway into a courtyard dominated by a continual splash of a fountain. One is struck immediately by the quiet, only broken by the soft high notes of flutes with which the complex is flooded in an endless melody. The Sufis soon discovered that ecstasy could be induced not only by autohypnosis but also by music. God has inspired every living thing to praise him in its own language so that all the sounds of the universe form some universal hymn. ‘ The song of the spheres in their revolutions ’ is what men sing with lute and voice. The dance is not the mad whirl that one imagined. The music is soft and languid. The whirling motion is symbolic of the rotation of the universe in the presence of God.

Through the ante-room you enter the main hall. A large rectangular room on the right-hand side of which lie the coffins of the prophet and sixty-five of his disciples. On each coffin lie the dervish costumes. The white conical hat represents the tombstone, the short jacket, like a waistcoat, represents the tomb itself, and underneath is the funerary shroud. I stood to one side and watched the steady stream of pilgrims pass by. At the end of the room a small flight of silver steps leads to the tomb of the prophet himself. This is a place of great holiness and the atmosphere of prayer even stilled the cameras of the tourists. The attitude of prayer comes from the dance, and is also seen portrayed on the prayer mats. The right hand is extended, cupped upwards to receive God’s overflowing blessing, the left is extended straight, palm down to give it away. ‘ What we receive from God, we give to man. We ourselves possess nothing ’. The Sufi idea of poverty is the empty heart as well as the empty hand. ‘ Be good natured and give thanks to God for poverty. Take everything that is offered to you—it is the daily bread which God sends. Do not refuse God’s gifts ’.

From the main hall one is ushered into the music room. An empty floor is surrounded by galleries and cupboards in which are displayed the musical instruments. They are mostly flutes as the beat of the music is given by ‘ the Sheik ’ of the dance like a ballet master with a long rod. One side of the floor is the tangible world and the other the spiritual world and the dancers whirl from one side to the other. The

dancers pass through knowledge or recognition of God, the seeing of God, and union with Him. The music and the dance express a stately wheel constantly turning whilst in the centre is stillness.

‘ Love thrilled the chord of love in my soul’s lute
and changed me all to love from head to foot.
Twas but a moments touch, yet shall time ever
to me the debt of thanksgiving impute? ’

Over the door of the music room is this text also, which is equally Franciscan, ‘ This is the lover’s Casbah. Here the deficient find integrity ’.

Regretfully I left the hall haunted by the music of the flutes which continually play as background music in the tour. In the courtyard are the cells of the brotherhood. There was an extraordinary homeliness about them both inside and out. They were from the outside like a row of village alms-houses with domes on top of the flat roof. They each had one window and a door. Two of them had been furnished as they were when used. There were rugs on the floor and the walls, an eastern divan cushion on one side like a daybed, a shelf of books on one wall, and to one side a large black kitchen range. Each brother cooked for himself.

Also in the courtyard was a stall which sold pictures and posters and tapes of the music to the visitors. Later on my travels further east in Turkey I was to see these pictures on the walls of bars, on the sides of donkey carts, and on buses accompanied by prayers for the safety of the driver and passengers! I had the impression that many Turks were attracted by Sufism and tried to follow the teachings without in fact accepting the religion that so patently lay behind it.

Before I went to Turkey I was told that there was no love in Islam. Any reading of the Koran, or of reports from Islamic countries further East, would confirm this view. There is a rift between the Koran, with all its inconsistencies, and the spirituality of the Sufi. I found myself in Konia taught, as I have hoped to show, a great deal about the things I find myself sharing in Franciscan meetings. Perhaps it is not surprising that in the early Sufi biographies there are apocryphal stories of Jesus. This one speaks for itself:

Jesus passed by three men. Their bodies were lean and their faces pale.
He asked them saying ‘ What hath brought you to this plight? ’.

They answered ‘ Fear of fire ’. Jesus said ‘ You fear a thing created and it behoves God that he should save those who fear ’.

Then he passed by three others whose faces were paler and their bodies leaner.
‘ What hath brought you to this plight? ’ ‘ Longing for paradise ’.

He said ‘ Ye desire a thing created and it behoves God that he should give you that which you hope for ’.

Then he passed three others exceeding pale and lean, so that their faces were mirrors of light. ‘ What hath brought you to this? ’

‘ Our love of God ’.

Jesus said. ‘ You are nearest to Him. You are nearest to Him ’.

Arthur Lloyd-Davies is rector of S. Paul’s, Wokingham, and a novice in the Third Order.

Bread

1.

We have come so far from bread.
Only rarely do we have the clatter of the mill wheel
the flour in every cranny,
the shaking down of the sack, the chalk on the door,
the rats, the race, the pool,
baking day and the old loaves:
cob, cottage, plaited, brick.

We have come so far from bread.
Once the crock said ' bread '
and the bread was what was there,
and the family's arm went deeper down each day
to find it, and the crust was favoured.

We have come so far from bread
and terrifying is the breach between wheat and table,
wheat and bread, bread and what goes for bread.
Loaves come now in regiments, so that loaf
is not the word. ' hloaf ' is one of the oldest words we have.

2.

I go on about bread
because it was to bread
that Jesus trusted
the meaning he had of himself.
It was an honour for bread,
to be the knot in our Lord's handkerchief
reminding him about himself. So,
O bread, breakable
O bread, given
O bread, a blessing.
Count yourself lucky, bread.

Continued on following page

3.

Not that I am against wafers,
 especially the ones produced under steam
 from some unknown nunnery
 with our Lord crucified into them.

They are at least unleavened, and fit the hand;
 but it is still a long way from bread.
 Better for each household to have its own bread, daily,
 enough and to spare, dough the size of a rolled towel,
 for feeding angels unawares.
 If the bread is holy, all that has to do with bread
 is holy: board, knife, cupboard, books about bread,
 and the bread itself: so that the terrifying gap between
 all things is closed in our attention
 to the bread of the day.

4.

I know that
 'man cannot live on bread alone'.
 I say, let us get the bread right.

DAVID SCOTT.

Praying Man

you are a glass
 tilting at the sun

when he catches you
 you are transfixed with light

you hold yourself stilly

you draw him down
 through your own
 transparency

you focus him

on the dark spots
 of the earth

you kindle his fires

SUSAN FISHER.

Books

Alarm

Essays Catholic and Radical. Edited by Kenneth Leech and Rowan Williams.

The Bowerdean Press, 1983, 292 pp., £12.00.

Justice cannot be done, in a brief notice, to a book of this kind. An attempt is made by the taster to describe the flavour.

Is each essay in this collection from the Jubilee Group intended to be *both* catholic *and* radical? Perhaps some of them achieve this—most seem to be either or. It can be said that (with varying success) all try to get to the roots of things, but it has to be added that as 'a symposium for the 150th anniversary of the beginning of the Oxford Movement' this is a curiously ambivalent book.

'Radical' has a political rather than a theological connotation, and if there is a theme it must be the working out, in the lives of men whose inspiration can be traced to the 'Oxford Fathers' (more particularly to Edward Pusey), of that concern for the poor which catholic and evangelical alike find in the gospel.

A generation ago we could think of those men as pioneers of work much of which was taken over by government, influenced by the Labour movement. Christians are now confronted by a society in which increasing homelessness and poverty are aggravated by the policies of a government for which human welfare is a secondary consideration. The High Toryism of Oxford in the 1830s has disappeared with the social order which it sought to preserve—so (virtually) has the Christian socialism of the years between the wars. Can those old Oxford dons, those slum parsons, say anything to help the church towards its calling in Christ to be the servant church? Can they wake us up? This book could be a sort of alarm clock.

And, thank you, Aelred Stubbs, for your mention, in an essay worthy of its subject (monasticism), of S.S.F. Fame at last!

ANSELM S.S.F.

Solitude into Love

Celibate Passion. By Janie Gustafson (Sister of S. Joseph).

Harper and Row, Publishers, Inc., 133 pp., U.S.\$7.95.

Sister Janie Gustafson is a comparatively young religious, a woman of her age, outspokenly in favour of her Communion rethinking its attitudes to the ordination of women and to such issues as birth control and the remarriage in church of divorced persons. There is in her book a wholeness of approach which defies the dualisms so often used to define the qualities of human existence. 'When I am most celibate (most focused and centered, most who I am), I am also most passionate (most in love with God and others)' (p. ix).

To be whole 'is to be fully human and authentically religious. It is to burn intensely for integrity. It is to be engaged in loves that are as erotic as they are spiritual, as fleshy as they are ethereal'.

She speaks of the experience of being overwhelmed by 'the pain and darkness of loneliness' and in it of being aware 'only of the need to be united with one another'—to be caught up to God. Work and friendship can become ways of trying to escape from this call; they do not work. This is so because each of us is 'a unique expression of God's

creation', and simply because of that we 'will always be alone' (p. 3).

It is this uniqueness which she defines as 'celibacy in the widest sense'. It is not applicable only to the unmarried. It is 'that dimension of me which can never be given away, exhausted, or comprehended. It is the embodiment of my fullest potential, my entire personality, the solitary "I" in any relationship. It is my integrated character, my interior freedom to love and to receive love' (p. 4).

Intimacy has to be such as enables me to preserve that of me which is 'singular, particular, unique'. Here we are dealing with a 'paradoxical power', a 'frustrating reality' which can, nevertheless be 'the spring from which flows inner spiritual renewal, and unbonded energy, and the transformation of our solitude into a love which encompasses all'.

Many have to be helped to transcend the narrow limits imposed by their past religious training so that they can 'let life in' and fill themselves with 'all that is God' and ardently 'desire his presence'. 'Celebrate passion does not just happen. To attain it, I must care and be responsible; I must hurt and I

must bleed. I must undergo a slow process of transformation, like that of a seed germinating in the earth' (p. 14).

Religious have always claimed that celibacy was meant to set us free to be creative. Gustafson challenges us all as she reminds us that often it has simply made it possible for us to become workaholics.

Celibacy and passion have both been misunderstood. They have been 'obliterated with antiseptic, inhuman definitions'. As a result celibacy has been made to appear unappealing and passion to be condemned as immoral. Gustafson sees *eros* as an essential element in all relationships, though it need not be libidinous. 'Eros is the life force of contemplation, true communion, and heroic sacrifice'. It can lead us to 'Genuine ecstatic intimacy' (p. 75).

It is our intimacy with God which 'can keep our expressions of intimacy with each other within appropriate limits'. Jesus is seen as the model of what it means to be human by being fully human for us and for our salvation. He calls us to a like joy in our humanness.

✠ JOHN-CHARLES S.S.F.

The Truce of God. *By Rowan Williams.*

Fount Paperbacks, London, 1983, 127 pp., £1.25.

Written to order as the Archbishop of Canterbury's Lent Book, this small book displays once more Rowan Williams' talent as a spiritual writer. He addresses himself to people who are sickened and anguished by the alarming proliferation of nuclear weapons, and feel powerless, indeed paralysed, by the threat overhanging humanity. So the book is about facing reality in the nuclear age. And the point is that this means not only facing the hideous possibilities of destruction, but also the 'unlimited horizon—which religious people call

God'. Facing reality requires clearing away illusions and discovering what is the true nature of the peace of God in the human heart. It involves purity of heart, a daily dying to self, and the following of Jesus. Only the most searching self-criticism enables one to make truly constructive criticism and entitles one to show up the folly and falsehood of self-justifying attitudes. These are found on both sides in the nuclear debate.

The argument is conducted in such a way as to convince the reader that

attention to one's own motives does have relevance to the vast threat of destruction with which the book began. Such attention to the heart is central to spiritual growth, and this is a joyful and creative process, because it is an enlargement of the personality, at the same time as requiring a costly inner discipline. Points where Christian insights in the process link up with Hindu and Taoist thought are indicated,

so that the universal perspective is kept in view. For the humanizing of mankind for the sake of peace is not an exclusive preserve of Christians, but something that is deep in the heart of all men and women. Those who think that the answers to world peace can be simplified into political slogans will find no support in this simple but profound book. There are six chapters, and points for discussion are added at the end. BARNABAS S.S.F.

Pilgrims

A Touch of God: Eight Monastic Journeys.

Edited by Maria Boulding with an introduction by Philip Jebb.

S.P.C.K., London, U.K., 180 pp. + viii, £4.95.

The Abbot president of the English congregations of Benedictines suggested that a group of monastics might write a book about their individual pilgrimages. The result is this many-faceted jewel. The blinding light of God illuminates the reality of faith and struggle as it strikes differently the different surfaces which make up the whole.

All who read with openness, whether monastics or not, will find clues for better living of the Christian life in these essays. The great truths of the spiritual life are expressed simply, illustrated by moving accounts of personal experience, and frequently poured out in prayers which are courageously shared with us. Honesty characterises the self-disclosures, the joys and pains, the doubts and fears, which are revealed: and it is these which give the book not only the ring of unmistakable truth but make it blessedly evangelistic.

The incarnational theology and spirituality of this collection compels the recognition that only as we share ourselves can we communicate the Gospel. It is the shared frailty of these monastics which is so helpful to the rest of us. They point away from themselves to

God and his grace. They testify to the way in which he moves towards us most when in our weakness and foolishness we surrender to his wisdom and power.

Vocation and praying both involve searching and the exploration of our baptismal calling and the Paschal mystery. All involved in the formation of religious will find food for thought in these sharings. Peace comes with 'yearnings'. At the heart of all our longings is God. 'At the spring of my longing, you are longing; in the stretch of my understanding, you are there in your truth. In my joy, you dance in your threefold delight. The rest is silence'.

The self-acceptance on which all else depends is spelt out by most of the writers. The desert is the place of self-discovery which precedes acceptance. Spiritually inescapable, even if we never set foot in a real desert, it comes home to us when we realise that we must 'find God imperious in the solitude of no irrelevances'. For many, the desert is experienced as we accept our given lot. 'Sanctity can be found in the mess I am *now* in rather than in the chimera of tomorrow's imagined peace'.

Sexuality is explored by some of the

contributors in a way which enriches our understanding of humanity. Both religious and others will find wise guidance for this perilous gift. We all have to struggle with the appropriate meaning of chastity in a world flooded with erotic stimuli. These writers share with us how they are dealing with the

resultant tensions.

One thought remained with me after I finished a second reading: 'We only hear God's word if we are prepared to be non-selective about where we hear it . . . The word that is spoken is the word that has first been listened to'.

✠ JOHN-CHARLES S.S.F.

Alone with God

The Inner Loneliness. By Sebastian Moore.

Darton, Longman & Todd, 1982, 120 pp., £6-95.

This latest book by Sebastian Moore is in parallel with his previous one *The Fire and the Rose are One*. However, instead of taking as a starting point the human need for value and worth he posits as a base-line the 'ineluctable inner loneliness' inherent in humankind that lies behind the impulse to 'form relationships and to embark on every other creative enterprise', and that gives the 'sense of myself as special, unique and without price'. 'But', it is stated, 'no one can thus know me as I know myself, no one can be present to me as I am thus present to myself. So there is a loneliness in each person that no other person can relieve'.

From this base-line the author explores the nature of this 'inner loneliness' under such startling headings

as Narcissism and God, and God the Hedonist. He then explores sexual identity, transformation, resurrection and the Trinity as the encounter with God who is the fulfilment of the infinite desire awoken by Jesus in his followers.

The book is very compact and I found myself easily distracted from the effort needed to grasp its concentrated ideas, but it also has the capacity to stir, to challenge and to compel reflection. It claims to be about a theology of the new age; that could well be true, but if it is, then it ought to be in a form more readily accessible to those who are going to inhabit it. However to those who have followed Father Moore in his previous books, especially *The Fire and the Rose are One*, this is a must.

VICTOR S.S.F.

Beyond Biblical Criticism. By Arthur Wainwright.

S.P.C.K., 1982, 154 pp., £4-95

Because it has become less central to our culture, the Bible has become more and more inaccessible to ordinary people, even to those who are practising Christians. The author starts with a lurid description of the way people find it bewildering to read, and find that biblical criticism, which is supposed to solve the problems, presents them with an even more bewildering array of speculations. What they need is something that is both clear and self-evidently

right. Wainwright's answer is the subtitle to the book: *Encountering Jesus in Scripture*.

It is not the author's purpose to decry biblical criticism. In fact he regards it as essential to a true appraisal of the Bible. But it is necessary to go beyond criticism in order to *use* the Bible. The Bible can be used in a number of ways, but Wainwright insists that for Christians the right starting point is Jesus as he is actually presented in the New Testament.

The reader is advised to go for the total portrait of Jesus, and not to press the implications of particular passages against the impression gained from the whole. This portrait is to be borne in mind when reading the rest of the New Testament, so that the other books are seen in relation to different facets of discipleship. At the same time the reader should be challenging himself and his understanding of life, so that he remains alert to the practical application of what he reads. Once he knows how to handle the New Testament he can try the Old. But here he must bear in mind that the Old Testament often falls below the standard of Jesus, and this is part of what is involved in seeing the Old Testament in relation to Jesus. Thus the reader absorbs the tradition that leads up to Jesus and finds its fulfilment in him. At this point Wainwright is willing to

allow a cautious use of typology and allegorical interpretation, and explains how this may be done. He also provides a splendid list of the ways in which people go wrong when they read the Bible. Part of the trouble is that people just take what they like out of the Bible and make it fit their own wishes. Wainwright calls this 'smorgasbord theology' (you need a recipe book to understand that). So we find at the end of the book another lurid description, this time of the way in which Christians in so-called Christian countries make not the slightest effort to take the teaching of Jesus seriously in their daily lives.

This is a timely book, simply and clearly written, sensible in its main approach, and thoroughly practical in its aim. It will be a real help to clergy and laity alike. BARNABAS S.S.F.

Following Jesus

Disciples and Prophets. *By Francis J. Moloney S.D.B.*
Darton, Longman & Todd, 1982, 112 pp., £4.95.

This book was written, says its author, 'because of a desire on my part to avoid schizophrenia'. He works as a biblical scholar and lives as a religious. The use made of biblical material applied to the religious life frequently made him shudder. He is not, of course, the only one to react like that as he discovered when he tried to apply 'a modern critical approach' to the usual texts and to pass on in lectures to religious the results, now available here. 'What sort of biblical scholar is he?' I wondered, but the name Lindars caught my eye in the index and with Brother Barnabas around I was duly reassured. Don't be deterred by the word 'scholar': anyone who can write of people 'for whom the vows may have been means of putting off the old man—only to put on the old woman!' is not hard to read.

As religious life is seen as a response to a call, an intensely personal affair, Moloney begins with a much needed section on the God involved in this relationship. He believes that 'one of the basic reasons for the current difficulties in both Christian and religious life and practice is that we have lost touch with our God'. He maintains this insistence that the initiative must come from God. 'As long as discipleship is built on *human* achievement and *human* aspirations, it is destined to failure'. He sets the religious life firmly in the whole Christian body: there is a *universal* call to holiness, and 'the Religious can claim to be "following Jesus" only because he is baptised'. The need for true discipleship to be *seen* leads to the public commitment of some. His description of the prophets, 'entirely

taken up with their loyalty to the covenant' which had been made with the whole people, is on the same lines and very illuminating.

There are inevitably debatable points: for instance, his view of poverty as essentially 'a shared life "in Christ"' is fine, but if he had taken into account I John 3: 17 on the rich man who sees his brother in need, and set it against the present state of the world, his emphases might have been different at some points. This, however, is quibbling. There is plenty here to appreciate and no need to take any study of the gospels (or any

other spiritual reading, for that matter) as gospel truth itself. It is good to have a book on the religious life which looks again at the biblical background and which sets discipleship so firmly in the midst of the normal Christian response (like other books on the religious life it may well be of use to lay people). Since Darton, Longman & Todd have given us this, Jean Vanier's *Community and Growth*, and David Parry's *Households of God*, anyone with an interest in Christian community life might do well to keep an eye on their future advertisements.

A SISTER C.S.Cl.

Monks

They Dwell in Monasteries. By Frank Monaco.

Seabury Press, N.Y., \$U.S. 7.95. (In U.K., Frederick Muller, £5.95.)

This is a book of superb pictures of the monastic life with appropriate quotations from monastic writings, both ancient and modern. The Art Department of Seabury Press has done a splendid job in its design of the book.

Monaco's introduction tells us of his first experience of the monastic life with its silence and hiddenness, and how he began to take the photographs from

which this pictorial essay has been constructed. It is a simple, moving, and compelling tale. The end result is a proclamation of the Religious Life which exceeds in power most things that words could ever say. And, 'tell it not'!, here and there a Franciscan peeps from the pages.

✠ JOHN-CHARLES S.S.F.

Thumbnail Ethics

Choices: Ethics and the Christian. By David Brown. Basil Blackwell, £3.95.

This is one of the books in the series *Faith and the Future* published to commemorate the 150th anniversary of the Oxford Movement. In a commendably straightforward way the author lays out two dominant secular ethical systems of our day which are identified as Utilitarianism and Marxism and tries to show why the Christian response to these has often been so inadequate.

From this examination of the secular there follows one on the Christian approach to ethics from biblical and patristic times onwards, but giving

particular emphasis to the ethical understanding of the great figures of the Oxford Movement and in particular the work of Newman. This Christian ethical stance is grouped in four parts, natural law and conscience, formation and growth in holiness, love and sacredness of the person, and justice and divine society. These are clearly, if briefly, explained and the basic ideas should be easily digested.

The first two chapters then act as a basis for focussing on four important areas of life that every individual faces and has to make choices on. These are

Work, and the moral issues raised by the structures of industry, profits, wages and strikes; Love with such issues as marriage, divorce and homosexuality; Pain and the problem of severe disablement, abortion and euthanasia; Conflict with questions of war, terrorism, pacifism, democracy and the use of nuclear weapons.

All these enormous questions are covered in under 170 pages, and this raises my major difficulty with this book

which is the inevitably thumbnail way in which all the above sections are tackled. Often when reading it I wanted the author to expand his arguments; and on occasion he did not, I feel, go into sufficient detail for me to follow his conclusions. That being said, it is a very readable book that clearly and concisely outlines an ethical structure that could give many Christians more confidence when dealing with the many moral choices that face us in our world today. VICTOR S.S.F.

Tanzania Politics

Beyond Ujamaa in Tanzania—Underdevelopment and an uncaptured peasantry.

By Goran Hyden.

'Thank God I at least am not a Marxist', Marx is reputed to have said. If you are curious about which system can best help develop a third world country, but are tired of capitalist versus socialist arguments, you may find this book gives you a refreshing new perspective. It argues that neither system succeeds in developing a country in which the peasants still have the power. Coercion, either capitalist or socialist, will be required to remove their social autonomy.

In Tanzania the peasants still have the power. The government depends on them producing more, but they are very

self sufficient and don't want to change their ways. They have many reasons for wanting to remain 'uncaptured'.

Prof. Goran Hyden was Professor of Political Science at the University of Dar es Salaam. His book is written in a mildly academic style with plenty of social science jargon and references. This may make it heavy reading for some, but since reading it I can look at under-development in a new way, and am less critical of Ujamaa, and the international market place for their respective parts in Tanzania's disappointing progress.

AMOS S.S.F.

Dust to Glory

Signs of Glory. *By Richard Holloway.* Darton, Longman & Todd, £2.50.

Once again Father Holloway (Church of the Advent, Boston) has given us a book which will do three things to its readers: inspire, encourage and challenge. *Signs of Glory* is his latest book and is one of the three books prescribed as essential reading for the second Catholic Renewal Conference at Loughborough which uses as its theme 'Christ is our Peace'.

This book is a consideration of the seven great miracle stories in Saint

John's Gospel, stories we all know so well: the wedding at Cana, miracles at Capernaum and Bethesda, the feeding of the five thousand, the calming of the sea, the curing of the blind man, and the raising of Lazarus. He helps us not only to study the outward event of each miracle but also to perceive the inward meaning. Each story comes alive and inspires us to renewal and especially the renewal of the Church. The eight chapters, with such lovely titles as

Transformation and Restoration, centre us on basic Christian truths, and we are challenged to ask ourselves questions about the Incarnation, personal surrender to Jesus, sin and confession, the implications of making our communion at Mass, suffering and redemption, reason and faith, Resurrection.

Father Holloway writes as he preaches, clearly, frankly and with feeling. He brings in quite freely experiences in his own life, and quotations from various

authors to highlight his points. I can say from knowledge of him as my parish priest in Edinburgh that what he writes comes from his life of prayer and his times of wrestling with the Lord who has so fully captivated him. I recommend this book to anyone interested in the renewal of the Church and in the renewal of our Catholic Faith, which is centred on Jesus, incarnate, crucified and risen.

PASCHAL S.S.F.

Story of Faith

The Promise. By Keith Ward. S.P.C.K., 1980, 304 pp., paperback, £3.95.

This book is a new and interesting approach to the Pentateuch, not another translation, not even a paraphrase, but a re-telling of the story as an unbroken narrative. The writer uses a good deal of imagination in his narration, both giving background descriptions and an interpretation of some more difficult passages. Among the former is a detailed account of the journey through the trackless desert and a vivid picture of the coming of the presence of God, in cloud and fire, to the top of Mount Sinai. Among the latter is his explanation of phrases such as 'God spoke to Abraham'; or 'God spoke to Moses', trying to describe how God communed with them, so conveying his will to them. The author also takes some difficult incidents, by some liable to be skipped, and shows their contribution to the whole story of the Israelite nation, even though they may not make savoury reading. Such is the story of Tamar.

On the whole it is a very good re-telling of the story of the first five Old Testament books, omitting the repetitions which occur in the original. One important event, however, seems to be passed over very inadequately, and that is the institution of and first celebra-

tion of the Passover. I think this merits fuller treatment than it has received, when it has such a central place in Jewish worship, right to this day.

The Law, a difficult section to read, is included. The decalogue, the description of the tabernacle and the priestly garments and the conduct of the sacrifices are in the main text, as an integral part of the story. The lesser laws are in an appendix, under sectional headings, so do not disrupt the main story and so lose the reader's interest.

There is an interesting genealogical tree at the beginning, starting from Adam and Eve, in an imaginary year 0 and showing how long the pre-flood characters lived and which of them were alive simultaneously! There are one or two places where the genealogy disagrees with the relationship stated in the text, but this is a minor defect.

The book is extremely readable and could, with profit, be introduced to those who have problems with the Old Testament, at least as an introduction to it. I certainly found that once I had started on it, I wanted to go on and see how the next part developed.

A SISTER C.S.CI.

Reflections

Believing in God. By Miles Lowall Yates, edited by Brother John-Charles S.S.F. (2nd revised edition). Forward Movement Publications, U.S.A., 1982.

This short book of meditations, one for each day of Lent, is a handy size and format for the pocket or handbag, but this does not mean that the contents are slight. It is one of those books that give evidence of every sentence having been lived and prayed before ever it was written down. Deep insights into our human condition are combined with a strong confidence in God's providence, and the reader cannot but feel encouraged to persevere through Lent. The

only set prayers given are the Lord's Prayer at the beginning and a page of the author's personal prayers (supplied by the editor) at the end. Thus one is left free to use the material as one wishes, allowing prayer to rise spontaneously out of one's reflections. While intended specifically for Lent the meditations could well be found helpful at other times of the year as well.

A SISTER C.S.Cl.

Franciscan Ideals

Tell it to the Birds. By Sergius Wroblewski O.F.M. 142 pp., \$U.S. 2-25.

The Testament of Francis. By Kajetan Esser O.F.M. Translated by Madge Karecki. 160 pp., \$U.S. 2-50.

Both published by Franciscan Publishers, Pulaski, Wisconsin, 54162, U.S.A.

Two small and valuable books which deserve not to be lost in the spate of books for the 800th anniversary of the birth of S. Francis.

In Father Wroblewski's book we are given fifty-one essays which are the result of years of study and devotion. Here we are presented with the relevance of Franciscan ideals for our own times. The radical discipleship of Francis is set out in the context of our problems. What do apostleship and conversion mean? How should Franciscans lead the religious life? In what ways are we called to empty ourselves? The nature of the Church, freedom, smut, glory, freedom: all of these are touched on with brief incisiveness. This is a challenging book. It makes a good introduction to a relevant spirituality. It is an excellent basis for self-examination and renewal.

Father Esser's scholarship has for a long time placed all Franciscans in his

debt. This commentary on the Testament was Esser's doctoral dissertation in 1949 and was recognised as a major contribution to Franciscan studies. Already translated into most European languages, this is the first presentation of it in English, and is therefore an important publishing event. In addition the appendices give us Father Armstrong's translations of the Testament, and the texts of the Rules of 1221 and 1223, thus making the whole a valuable study source.

Father Esser sets the Testament in the context of the other writings of Francis, then in seventy-two pages of illuminating commentary opens up for us the meaning and challenge of this fundamental document. He concludes by discussing the history of the Testament in the life of the Franciscan movement. This is a book from which renewal could spring if it is listened to and prayed through.

'The Testament' shows us Francis with his 'strong idealism, allowing for no compromise, which was probably unique in its own way. It also shows where a weakness lies in this strength. At the same time even this admirable idealism reveals a limitation in Francis, a man who does not entirely understand

the realities of life any longer. The Testament shows the tragedy of Francis' life and the fate of his Order as it grew out of that limitation'. (p. 93.)

This is a provocative study deserving of careful reading by all serious Franciscans.

✠ JOHN-CHARLES S.S.F.

Christian's Vital Breath

How to Talk with God: the basis of prayer. *By Stephen Winward.*

Mowbrays Popular Christian Paperbacks, £1.75.

Prayers for Pastoral Occasions. *By Michael Mayne.* Mowbrays, £1.00.

Jesus, Liberation and Love. *By Mark Gibbard S.S.J.E.*

Mowbrays Popular Christian Paperbacks, £1.75.

Stephen Winward's book was originally published in the *Teach Yourself* series in 1961. It has been slightly trimmed and modified to allow for changes of expression over the last twenty years. It is a practical handbook, to be kept and read a little at a time. It would be ideal for anyone moved, say, by a mission in their parish, who wanted to make a real go of prayer in their life. The chapter on praying from books and the set prayers included in the original edition have been omitted, perhaps reflecting a change of approach to the whole subject. Those who do find other people's words helpful to pray with

might use Michael Mayne's little pocket-size book. It is intended for use in pastoral ministrations but might say something to the pastor as well.

Father Gibbard's book is a presentation of God, Christ and the gospel in a form that can assist personal dedication. It is set in the context of the author's own experience of God and prayer and offers the reader the possibility of real discovery for himself. It would be excellent for a private retreat, though it could also be valuable to many who have never seriously pondered on their faith if they could be persuaded to take it up.

ALBAN S.S.F.

Back to Basics

Our Father S. Benedict. *By Regina Goberna O.S.B. and Lourdes Vinas O.S.B.*
New City, London.

At first glance, this little book appears to be gently pious and nothing more. Certainly the opening pages give expression to religious sentiments which are, well, not quite British (it is the work of two Catalan nuns). However, it is well worthwhile to read on and find a simple, robust and enthusiastic presentation of Benedictine monasticism.

The text treats various aspects of S.

Benedict's life and teaching, with lively black-and-white drawings on alternate pages. The book touches on the joys and pains of religious life, its aims, responsibilities and demands. Order, both exterior and interior, is seen as an ingredient of happiness, fidelity is seen as the fruit of love constantly renewed and deepened; virginity—in its widest sense of a wholehearted love for God—

is suggested as an ideal for all Christians, whatever their vocation.

Basic stuff? Yes very. But then S. Benedict himself only set out to write a *Little Rule for Beginners*. And 'getting back to basics' is, after all, one of the aims of renewal and one of the pre-occupations of the day, both within and without the religious life.

The book looks back to the beginnings of the Benedictine tradition but it is by no means nostalgic or wistful. Its

message is that S. Benedict speaks to men and women *now*, and that Benedictine monastic life is inspiring and worthwhile in the 1980s. And it states this message clearly and, above all, happily. Religious have in recent years been so worried, fretful and unsure of their own identity and value. Maybe they need to listen again to S. Benedict's admonition: 'Let no one then be anxious or saddened in the House of God!'.
A SISTER C.S.Cl.

Faith and Science

The Way the World Is: a Christian Perspective of a Scientist.

By John Polkinghorne. Triangle, 1983, 130 pp., £1.85.

It is refreshing to know that an eminent scientist such as John Polkinghorne feels able to attempt to portray a Christian view of the world. He has recently resigned his post as a mathematical physicist to become an ordained minister in the Church of England. But this is not because the scientific world view is at odds with his faith; rather, it is because his view of the world accords with the christian perspective.

At first he describes his interest in the constituents of matter which ultimately, it seems, consist of 'quarks and gluons' and proceeds to examine the creation of the universe on the 'big bang' principle. (I was grateful for the useful glossary at the end of the book to guide me through the opening chapters.) He retains an appreciation and wonder of the universe which borders on rehabilitating the argument from design for God's existence, although he knows such a proof is not possible. But the scientist's analytical view ultimately fails to be personal. Something more must be said about existence and that search leads him to God.

The main body of the work examines the New Testament evidence, the person of Jesus, his death and resurrection and the development of the church and doctrine. I suspect his scientific colleagues may find the empty tomb arguments a little short on evidence and his approach to the doctrine of the Trinity far from watertight. Nevertheless, it was of great interest to see how familiar christian theology can be enlightened by using models from physics. For instance, the wave/particle nature of light, so long thought to be a paradox, was explained by the wholly new insight of quantum field theory which caused a complete shift in understanding. The doctrines of the Incarnation and the Trinity may require such a discovery to make them meaningful in our modern world.

John Polkinghorne's theology is concise, orthodox and readable. He doesn't dodge the painful issue of the existence of evil in the world, but manages to see God's deepest involvement and identity in such contradictions especially through the cross and resurrection of Jesus.

IAN COOPER.

Advent to Trinity

Hallowing the Time. By *Geoffrey Preston O.P.*
Darton, Longman & Todd, 1980, 176 pp., £4.50.

There are usually one or two writers in the English Dominican Province who are producing books with a wide appeal. In this case the books have only begun to appear since Geoffrey Preston's death—this is the second volume—but there seems to be hope that more will be produced by one of his brothers from his papers, and this in itself shows something of community and of the nature of the writings which emerge from community life.

This volume is a series of meditations on the cycle of the Christian liturgy, fifteen going from Advent to Epiphany and twenty from Ash Wednesday to Trinity Sunday. It is made clear that each season is not simply an annual recurrence in the Church's year, but an aspect of the whole of our Christian living. All is to be seen in relationship with the past, the traditional life of the Church, and yet we are to live 'as guardians of the future'. There is much to ponder and to return to and assimilate, insights into the central

Christian truths, and also some incidental remarks such as the fact that monastic Rules are a response to the God who first loved us and not a means of making ourselves acceptable to him, and the cheering thought (for some of us) that 'professional religious and the middle-aged should be the two sets of people most ready to change for they should have a sense of what matters and what does not'. The book ends at Trinity Sunday. 'The Trinity, we assume, is a great problem for our minds', he says, and proceeds to point out the difference between problems (which are to be solved) and mysteries (which are to be lived with, from and out). He points to the mystery of personality, to the New Testament experience which was gradually to be formulated in the doctrine of the Trinity, and ends with the reminder that 'the Catholic faith is that we *worship* . . .' The book is worth both the money and the time needed to acquire and absorb it.

A SISTER C.S.Cl.

Purity of Heart

The Lives of the Desert Fathers.

Introduction by Benedicta Ward S.L.G., translated by Norman Russell.
Mowbrays, 1981, £8.50 or (paperback) £4.95.

The Desert Fathers continue, across the ages, to make friends and influence people. Those who know them or something of them are always ready to welcome translations of new works (well, new to those of us who do not have access to the original texts).

The introduction is as excellent as one would expect from Sister Benedicta. She makes very clear the distinction between the outside view of the monks and their own view of themselves which

is based on the realism and humility of the desert. One of the constantly recurring themes is the need for humility, the refusal to trust in oneself and any achievements, however great, however seemingly secure. The end and purpose of the monk is the 'single eye' and the heart at rest, and the typical virtues of the desert which develop on the way to this aim are love, meekness, long-suffering, not judging others. When conversion, 'the eradication of self-will

throughout life in abandonment to the cross of Christ' is complete, there will be forgetfulness of self and 'the experience of God who is darkness is rightly left without words'. There is, however, the idea that 'it is the duty of those who are redeemed by Christ to allow the new life in him to be apparent; personal despair is not to be passed on to others but to be used by the monk in his relationship with the God who gives life and hope' and so, if there is no talk

of their experience of God, there is evidence that 'even their physical appearance shows the new life that is within them'—in one case in 'a bright and smiling face', in another in gentleness and serenity. The desert did indeed blossom.

As for the translation, I cannot compare it with the original, but I can at least say that it is readable and never jars on the reader.

A SISTER C.S.Cl.

Balance

God or Christ? By Jean Milet. S.C.M. Press Ltd., 1981, £5.95.

This book sets out to study from the point of view of social psychology the bipolarity which the author sees in the Catholic church. He believes theocentricity and Christocentricity to have been held in equilibrium in the early Church, but theocentricity to have predominated from about the fourth to the seventeenth century, when there was about a century of restored balance, after which the equilibrium was again disturbed, this time in favour of Christocentricity. He holds that this lasted until the present day (and accounts for e.g. 'Christian atheism'), but that there is a tendency, which can now be perceived, to restore the balance.

I have plenty of misgivings about this book: its apparent confusion of sociology and social psychology, its somewhat fundamentalist approach to the New Testament, and various debatable historical points (but what fun would history be if one couldn't argue over it?); in spite of all this, it does suggest many interesting lines of thought about our misunderstandings of Christianity and about the varied tendencies and divisions among us. It is a stimulating book at many points and should provoke thought, discussion and, one may hope, some understanding of those of opposite inclinations to one's own.

A SISTER C.S.Cl.

Jesus Messiah

Jesus and the Transformation of Judaism. By John Riches. Darton, Longman & Todd, 1980, 264 pp., £12.95.

Coronation mugs—stories of King Arthur—Huddersfield Choral Society singing 'King of Kings and Lord of Lords'—a socialist upbringing—being born in Australia rather than England—these are only a few of the many possible strands that can provide content for the word 'King' for different people in the 20th century. This means that John Riches has set himself a consider-

able task in this book to try and discover what a phrase like 'the kingdom of God' meant to 1st century Pharisees or Essenes or Zealots and how Jesus remoulded and transformed the meaning of this and other key concepts of Judaism. He uses anthropological insights and modern analytical methods in this fresh approach to the problem of the purpose of Jesus' teaching and

actions which he sees as a transformation of, and not a complete break with, Judaism and its insights into the nature of God.

This is perhaps a scholarly rather than popular book (the price in any case will surely prohibit wide sales—£12.95 for 189 pages of text and a further 65 of notes, bibliography and indices!); how-

ever, if you are prepared for some solid study and possibly some disagreement with parts of the interpretation, this book will make you think and put more content into your praying 'Hallowed be your name—Your kingdom come—Forgive us our sins as we forgive —'.

A SISTER C.S.Cl.

Julian of Norwich

Enfolded in Love. Daily Readings from Julian of Norwich.

Darton, Longman & Todd, £3.95 or (paperback) £1.75.

Julian of Norwich was officially recognised as a saint for the first time in the Church of England on 8 May, 1980. To commemorate this well-deserved and long overdue recognition of England's leading mystic the Julian Shrine produced a pocket-sized edition of readings from her *Revelations of Divine Love*.

The extracts from Dame Julian's *Revelations* are placed under subject headings and are arranged for daily use over a two month period as a basis for the reader's times of prayer and medita-

tion. The readings are in modern English and charmingly illustrated with simple pen and ink drawings.

There are many examples of this kind of book on the market. However the introduction does state that this little book 'will have served one purpose, if they take some (readers) to their source'.

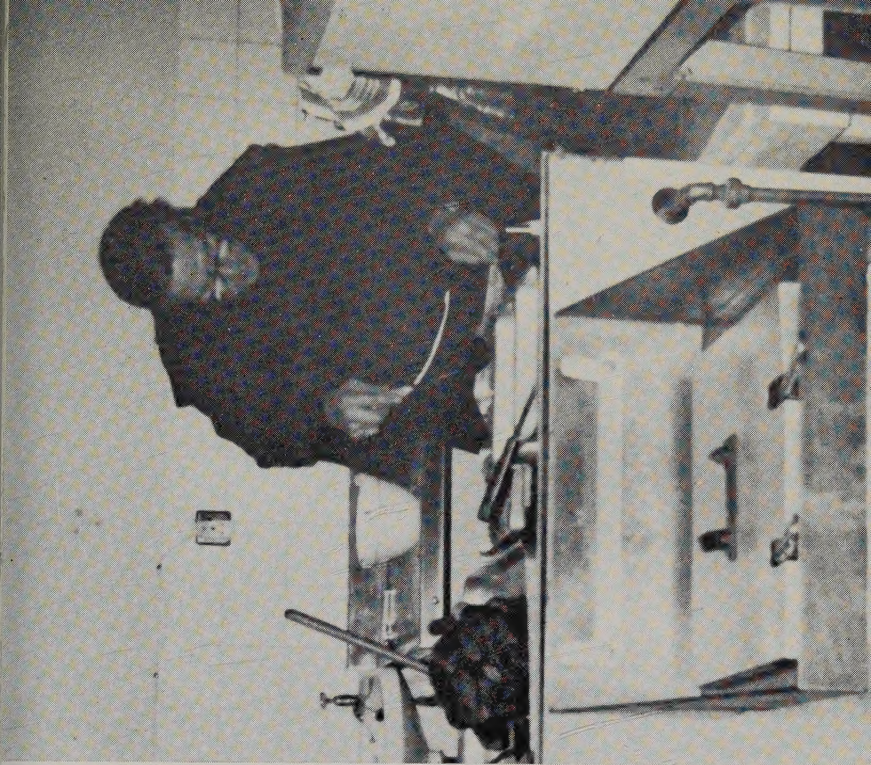
It is worth noting that the Lady Julian Cell at Norwich is a great place of pilgrimage, and a place of prayer and counsel.

BENEDICT S.S.F.

Books Received

The Reviews Editor gratefully acknowledges receipt of the following publications:

Christo-Psychology, by Morton T. Kelsey, D.L.T.; **Living By Faith**, by Stuart Blanch, D.L.T.; **In the Silence of the Heart**, by Mother Teresa, S.P.C.K.; **Francis and Clare: Writings**, S.P.C.K.; **Gregory Palamas: Writings**, S.P.C.K.; **John Climacus: Writings**, S.P.C.K.; **Learning to Care**, by Michael H. Taylor, S.P.C.K.; **Pilgrimage to Priesthood**, by Elizabeth Canham, S.P.C.K.; **Clippings from my Notebook**, by Corrie ten Boom, Triangle; **Praying Round the Clock**, by Richard Harries, Triangle; **The Faith Abroad**, by John D. Davies, Basil Blackwell; **Choices**, by David Brown, Basil Blackwell; **Therese of Lisieux**, by Michael Hollings, Fount; **Children & Divorce**, Report, C. of E. Children's Society; **Pause for? 1984**, by Bernard A. Braley, Stainer & Bell; **I, Francis** (paper), by Carlo Carretto, Fount; **The Bible: Fountain & Well of Truth**, by John Muddiman, Basil Blackwell; **Pastoral Care & the Parish**, by Peter Davie, Basil Blackwell; **Sacraments & Liturgy: The Outward Signs**, by Louis Weil, Basil Blackwell.



BROTHER RANDALL

